

The
Progressive Music
Series

Book Two

Silver, Burdett
and Company



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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

FOR BASAL USE
IN PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, AND GRAMMAR GRADES

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BOOK TWO



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK ONE, 144 pages, for second and third grades

BOOK TWO, 176 pages, for fourth and fifth grades

BOOK THREE, 208 pages, for sixth and seventh grades.

BOOK FOUR, 224 pages for eighth grade.

TEACHER'S MANUAL, with accompaniments for Book One and Primary Song Book.

BOOK OF ACCOMPANIMENTS, for Books Two and Three.

PRIMARY SONG BOOK FOR SIGHT READING

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PREFACE

THE Progressive Music Series embodies the ideals of successful teachers and supervisors of public school music, and is based upon the principles of modern educational psychology. The authors have endeavored to realize two aims: to present songs that meet all the moods of childhood; and to arrange these songs so that they will form the basis of definite, progressive instruction, out of which shall grow a love for, and an intelligent appreciation of, the best in music.

The music material comprises the best that could be found in the libraries of America and Europe; original songs written by many of the foremost living composers, whose interest and coöperation were secured through personal interviews; and characteristic folk songs obtained from sources hitherto unavailable. All the material has been subjected to careful critical study both in regard to its musical worth and to its adaptability to school use. Equal care has been exercised in the selection of the words of the songs.

The Progressive Music Series recognizes three well-defined periods of child development during school life. The first, or sensory period, covers the first three school years. Book One, the Primary Song Book, and the Teacher's Manual are designed for this period. The second, or associative period, begins with the fourth year and continues well into the seventh year. Books Two and Three and the Book of Accompaniments cover the work of this period. Book four provides material for the third, or adolescent period.

Book Two is divided into three parts: Part One presents the technical work for the Fourth Year; Part Two the technical work for the Fifth Year; Part Three comprises art songs for general use in both years. In Parts One and Two the fundamental tonal and rhythmic concepts, acquired in the first three years, are presented as definite musical problems for formal drill. These problems are developed in a logical sequence through the topical organization of the song material in the successive chapters, which are so arranged that the pupil may proceed page by page. In developing these musical problems four steps are involved. (1) A review of a familiar song which contains the problem. (2) A clear statement of the problem to the pupils. (3) Thorough drill on the problem, isolated from the context. (4) Application of the known problem in reading songs in which it occurs. The art songs of Part Three are strong in emotional appeal to the pupil. They are not limited to his technical equipment, but embody many of the technical problems which will be studied in Book Three.

Phrases made up of familiar figures and rhythms may be read by the pupil, but the teacher is expected to assist him in the more difficult passages.

The Book of Accompaniments provides a piano part for most of the songs of Books Two and Three, and gives explicit directions for conducting the music work in the grades for which the books are designed.

The courtesy of the following authors and publishers in allowing the use of copyrighted poems is hereby acknowledged:

Alice V. L. Carrick for "The Rain," "Fairyländ," "The Sandman," and "Wishing." Charles Keeler for "The Kite" and "The Brass Band" from "Elfin Songs of Sunland." George Reiter Brill for "Bringing in the Hay" and "What Becomes of the Moon" from "Rhymes of the Golden Age." Sophia T. Newman for "Pop Corn Song." Henry R. Pattengill, publisher, and the author for "The Four-Leaf Clover" from "Farmerkin's Farm Rhymes" by Dora H. Stockman. The Educational Publishing Company for "The Butterfly's Wings" from *Primary Education*. The publishers and the author's family for "A Little Philosopher" from "Little Knights and Ladies" by Margaret E. Sangster, copyright, 1895, by Harper and Brothers. Dana Estes & Company and the author for "A Meadow Song" by Laura E. Richards. Longmans, Green & Co. for "Bread and Butter" from "A Bunch of Blossoms" by E. Gordon Browne. *The Ladies' World* and Frank Walcott Hutt for "Two Kinds of People." F. A. Owen Company and the author for "What the Little Bird Said" by Virginia Baker and F. A. Owen Company for "In the Cornfield" by Maude M. Grant, and "An Arbor Day Song" by Susie M. Best, from *Primary Plans*. *The Youth's Companion* for "Flying Kites," "The Invitation," "The Month of March," "A Valentine for Grandma," "The Snow," and "After Vacation"; and *The Youth's Companion* and the authors for "A Strange Country" by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, "A Wake-up Song" by Luella S. Curran, "Master Robin" by Zitella Cocke, "Wishing and Working" and "A Snowy Day" by Anna M. Pratt. Rand, McNally and Company and the authors for "Balloons" and "Hoof Beats," from "The Rhyming Ring" by Louise Ayres Garnett, and "The Little Leaves Dance," "The Shell Song," "Redbreast in the Cherry Tree," "An Adventure," and "Spring," from "Other Rhymes for Little Readers" by Wilhelmina Seegmiller. Milton Bradley Company for "A Prayer for Little Children" by Edith C. Rice, from *Kindergarten Review*. The Century Company and the authors for "The Bee and the Butterfly" by Margaret Eytinge, "Katrina" by Stella George Stern, and "The Little Big Woman and the Big Little Girl," from "When Life is Young" by Mary Mapes Dodge. "The Cloud," "Sand Wells," and "Devotion," by Abbie Farwell Brown, and "Daisies" and "The Four Winds," by Frank Dempster Sherman, are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., authorized publishers of their works.

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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK TWO

PART ONE

Chapter I: Melodies in the Major Scale; the Quarter-Note Beat

One I Love

Florence C. Fox

Alfred G. Wathall
Composed for this Series

The musical score for 'One I Love' is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the first two lines of the song, and the second system contains the next two lines. Each system has a vocal melody line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line includes lyrics and musical notation with various markings such as accents (>) and a 'ritard' (ritardando) marking. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and a 'ritard' marking. The score is printed on aged, yellowed paper.

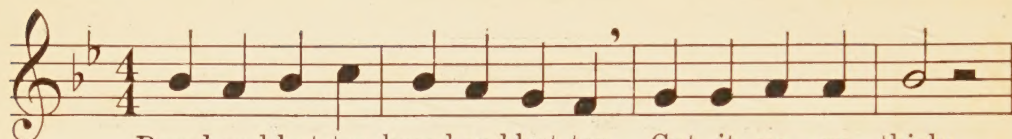
One I love, two I love, Dad-dy dear, and moth-er;

Three I love with all my heart, Dar-ling lit-tle broth-er.

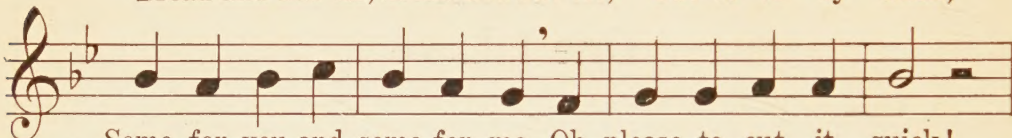
Bread and Butter

E. Gordon Brown

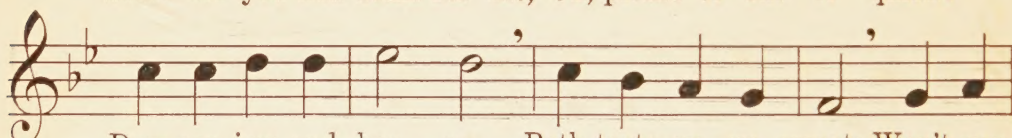
French Folk Song



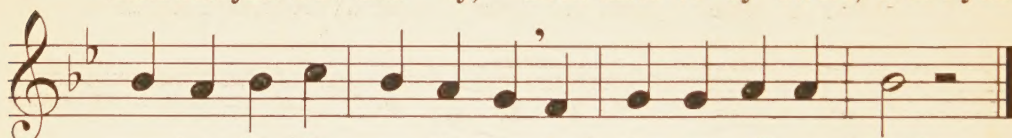
Bread and but-ter, bread and but-ter, Cut it ve - ry thick;



Some for you and some for me, Oh, please to cut it quick!



Dam-son jam and hon - ey, Both taste ve - ry sweet; Won't you



spread a lit - tle on the top And give us all a treat?

Fiddle-dee-dee

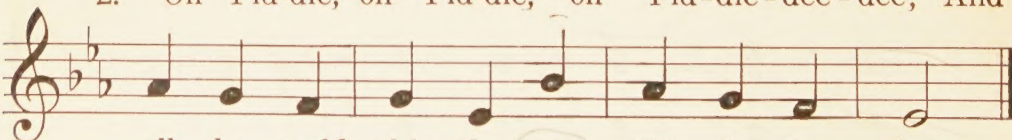
Eugene Field

C. H. Hohmann



1. There once was a bird that lived up in a tree, And

2. Oh Fid-dle, oh Fid-dle, oh Fid-dle-dee-dee; And



all he could whis - tle was Fid - dle - dee - dee.

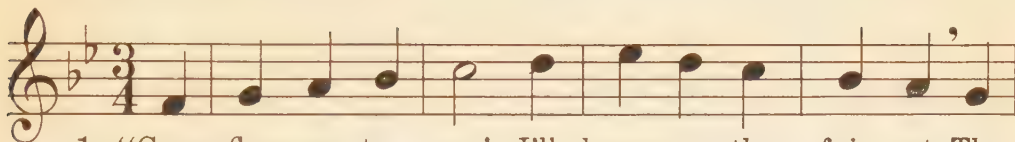
all he could whis - tle was Fid - dle - dee - dee.

Choosing a Flower

7

Miriam Clark Potter
From the French

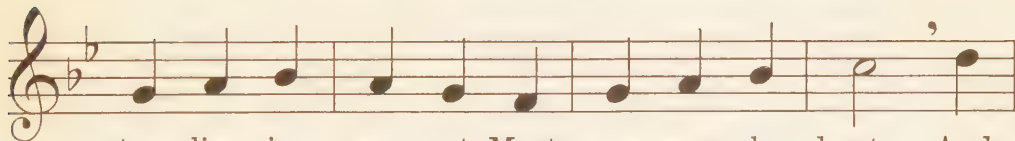
Allyre Bureau



1. "Come flow-ers to me! I'll choose one, the fair-est, The
2. "Too haugh-ty is she; Of flow-ers, the proud-est, In
3. "But she is too shy; She shuns the bright mea-dows, And
4. "Though love-ly the rose, Her playmates she teas-es With



fin - est, the rar - est, My sis - ter to be." "The
col - ors, the loud - est; She'll not do for me." "The
hides in the shad - ows Her big gol - den eye." "The
thorns when she pleas - es, As ev - 'ry - one knows." "No



tu - lip is gay - est, Most gor-geous-ly drest; And
vio - let is mod - est, And fair - est of face; She
rose smiles up - on you From beau - ti - ful bow'rs; Choose
flow - er is per - fect, No mat - ter how rare; Come,

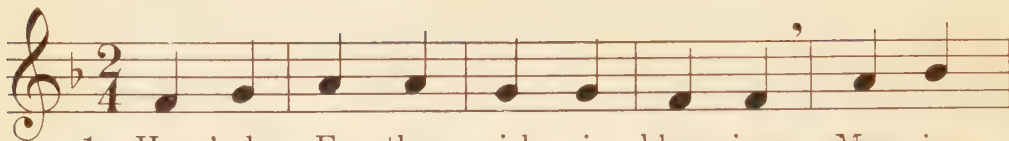


loved by the sun - light A - bove all the rest."
loves the deep for - est With beau - ty to grace."
her for your sis - ter, The queen of all flow'rs."
play with us all then, Thro' sum - mer days fair."

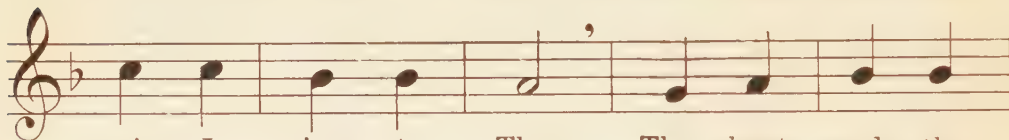
Morning Song

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

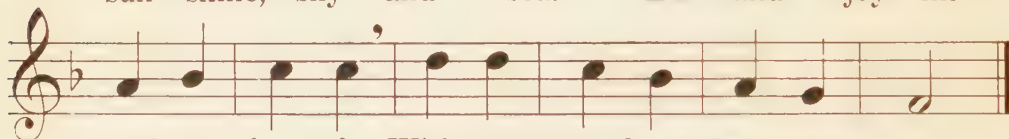
German Folk Song



1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, rich in bless - ings, Morn-ing
2. With glad eyes I see Thy boun - ties, Flow'rs and



praise I sing to Thee. Thou hast made the
sun - shine, sky and sea. Life and joy fill



earth so love - ly, With sweet rest hast strengthened me.
all my be - ing, For Thy gifts so rich and free.

Flying Kites

From *The Youth's Companion*

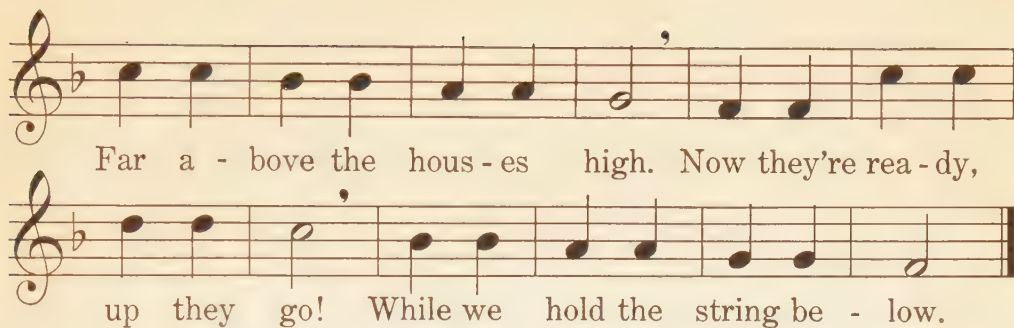
German Folk Song



Bring your kites and let us play, For the wind is



high to - day. Far a - bove the trees they'll fly,



The Raindrop Soldiers

Virginia Baker

Paul Bliss

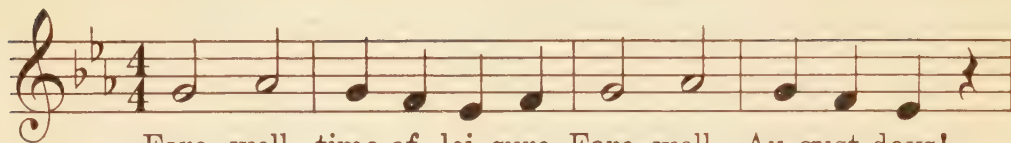
Composed for this Series

1. The lit - tle raindrop sol - diers Are marching from the sky; In
2. The lit - tle raindrop sol - diers Their du - ty all will do; The
u - ni-forms of sil - ver I see them fi - ling by. Their
thirs-ty earth they'll wa - ter, And fill the streamlets, too. Their
wee drums beat a rat - a - tat, Rat - a - tat, rat - a - tat; Their
wee drums beat a rat - a - tat, Rat - a - tat, rat - a - tat; Their
lit - tle feet go pit - ter - pat, Pit - ter - pit - ter - pat.
lit - tle feet go pit - ter - pat, Pit - ter - pit - ter - pat.

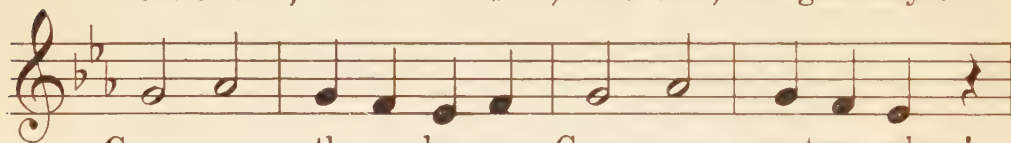
September

Abbie Farwell Brown

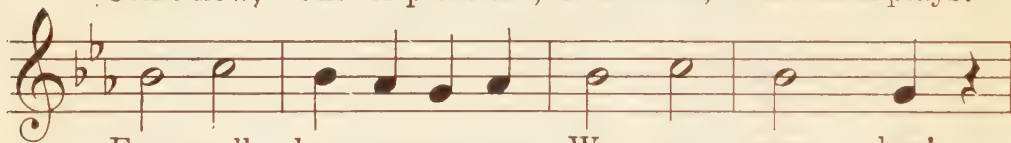
C. Despourins



Fare-well, time of lei-sure, Fare-well, Au-gust days!



Come now, oth-er pleas-ure, Come now, au-tumn plays!



Fare-well, hap-py sum-mer We re - mem - ber!



Wel-come, dear new-com-er, Crisp Sep - tem - ber!

The Poplar Tree

Annie N. Bourne

Chr. Schunder



I call the pop - lar "Twin - kle - tree," Be -



cause it shakes its leaves at me.

The Little Leaves Dance

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

1. The lit - tle leaves dance as they whirl a - bout,
2. The Northwind comes puff - ing with laugh and shout,

Whirl a - bout, whirl a - bout. The lit - tle leaves
Laugh and shout, laugh and shout. The Northwind comes

dance as they whirl a - bout, Whirl a - bout all day. ———
puff - ing with laugh and shout; Whisks them all a - way. ———

The Stars

George Jay Smith
From the German

Benedict Widmann

Dark - ness falls, the evening sky grows dim - mer,

Then the stars in gol - den splen - dor glim - mer,

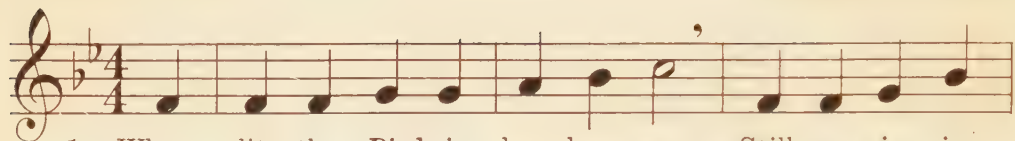
Like sweet an - gel fac - es, beam and shim - mer.

Lullaby

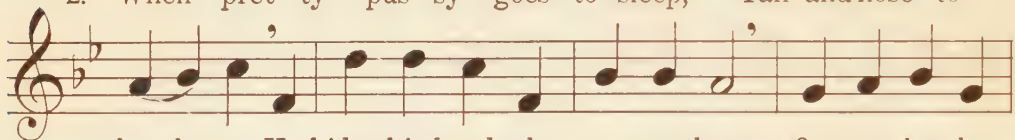
From *Pinafore Palace*

Bruno Huhn

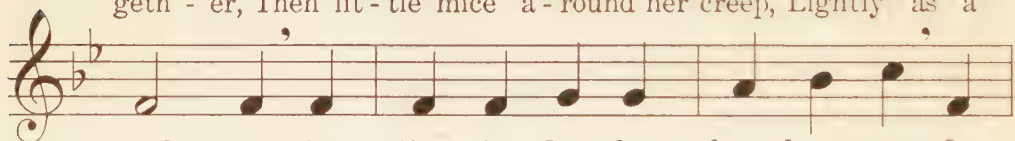
Composed for this Series



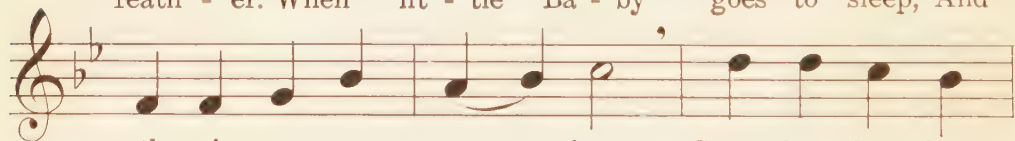
1. When lit - tle Bird - ie bye - bye goes, Still as mice in
2. When pret - ty pus - sy goes to sleep, Tail and nose to -



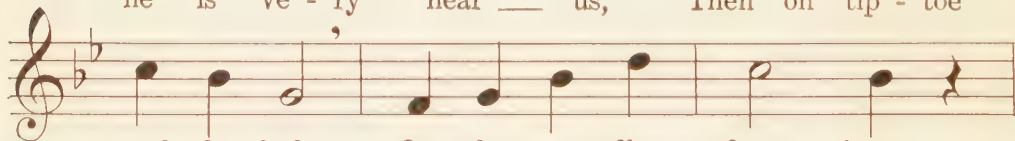
church - es, He hides his head where no one knows, On one leg he
geth - er, Then lit - tle mice a - round her creep, Lightly as a



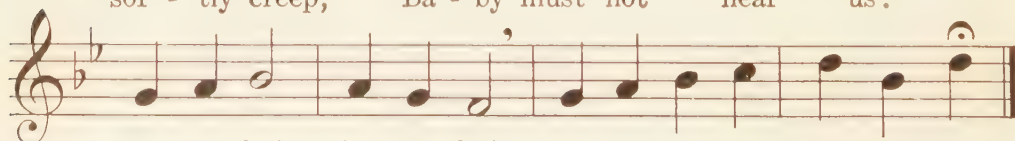
perch - es. When lit - tle Ba - by bye - bye goes, On
feath - er. When lit - tle Ba - by goes to sleep, And



moth - er's arm re - pos - ing, Soon he lies be -
he is ve - ry near us, Then on tip - toe



neath the clothes, In the cra - dle doz - ing.
sof - tly creep; Ba - by must not hear us.



Lul - la - by! lul - la - by! Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by!

Riches

13

Clinton Scollard

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

1. With sum-mer a - shimmer on vine and on tree, Come
2. When au-tumn is pain-ting the leaves on the tree, Come

ber - ries and cher - ries for rob - in and me.
wal-nuts and chest-nuts for squir-rel and me.

The Fairy Galleon

Alice C. D. Riley

Bay

1. Brown and gold, like some gal-leon old,
2. Fair - y craft, curv-ing fore and aft;

Ma - ple leaf, O set thy sail, Toss'd by ev - 'ry
Ligh-tly drift and sail a - way, Bear thy bright ad -

au-tumn gale, Drif-ting down the breez - es.
vent'-rous fay Where-so-e'er he pleas - es.

At Sunrise

Frederick C. Martens
From the German

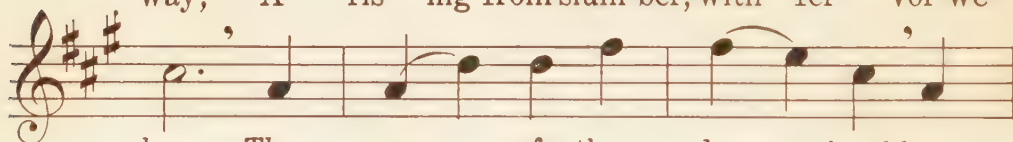
Franz Schubert



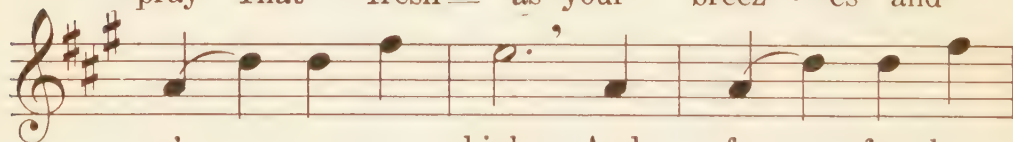
1. O moun - tains, we greet you; se - rene - ly you
2. Your fresh — ver - dant mea - dows with dew — spar - kle
3. The winds — of the morn - ing blow cool — on their



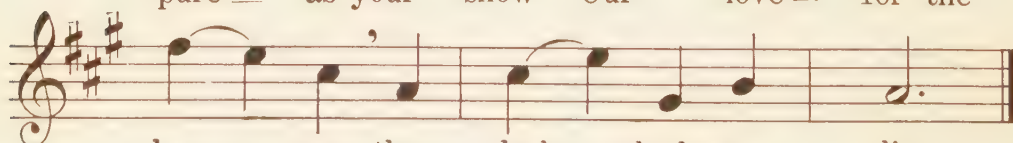
show, Your tall summits guarding the val - ley be -
bright; They seem like a gar - ment all ra - diant with
way; A - ris - ing from slum - ber, with fer - vor we



low. The rose — of the dawn - ing blooms
light. The blue — skies a - bove — you their
pray That fresh — as your breez - es and



o'er — you on high, And far, — far be -
soft — col - or lend, And calm - ness sur -
pure — as your snow Our love — for the



low — you the dark — shad - ows lie.
rounds — you, whose peace — shall not end.
home - land for - ev - er may glow.

To My Country

Seymour Barnard
From the French

French Folk Song

Vast as thy plains from sea to sea, Fair as thy fruits and
sea-sons be, So is my love, dear land, for thee!

The musical notation is in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 3/4 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Bed in Summer

Robert Louis Stevenson

English Folk Song

1. In win - ter I get up — at night And
2. I have to go to bed — and see The
3. And does it not seem hard — to you, When
dress by yel - low can - dle - light. In sum - mer, quite the
birds still hop - ping on the tree, Or hear the grown - up
all the sky is clear and blue, And I should like so
oth - er way, I have to go to bed by day.
peo - ple's feet Still go - ing past me in the street.
much to play, To have to go to bed by day?

The musical notation is in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 3/4 time. It consists of three staves. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, and the second and third staves contain the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Balloons

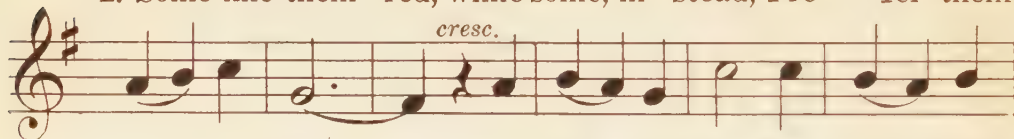
Louise Ayres Garnett

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

Composed for this Series



1. Bal-loons can fly. I won-der why. They have-n't
2. Some like them red, while some, in - stead, Pre - fer them



a - ny wings! — I'd like to know how far they'd
green or blue. — But I just find that a - ny



go If we should break their strings! —
kind Is good e - nough. Don't you? —

October

Abbie Farwell Brown

H. G. Nägeli



Old Oc - to - ber, Brown and so - ber, Brings a - gain



Nuts and grain. Good old brown Oc - to - ber!

A Strange Country

17

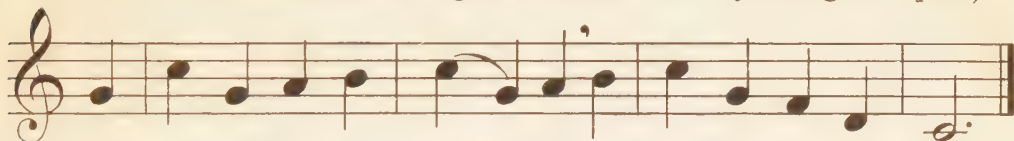
Elizabeth Lincoln Gould

Marshall Bartholomew

Composed for this Series



1. I love the place I live in, But on the map I've seen
2. I like our trees and bushes And grass the way they are;
3. If I should ev-er go there, Where ev'-ry-thing is pink,



An - oth - er lit - tle coun - try All pink, while ours is green.
 Still, pink is al-ways pret - ty. I won-der if it's far.
 I'd say, "Your country's love - ly, But green is best, I think."

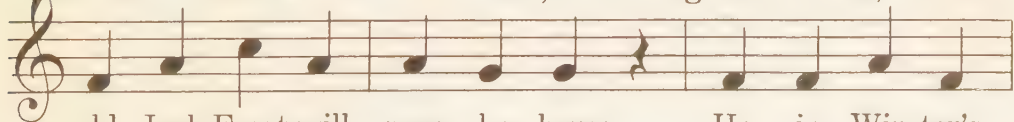
Approach of Winter

Alice E. Sollitt
From the Dutch

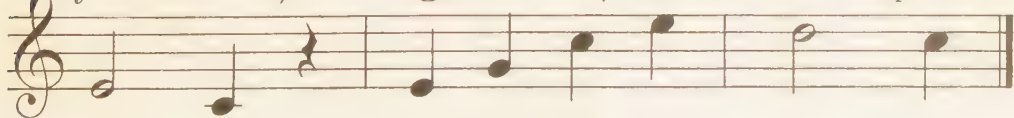
Fr. Sandberg



1. The wind is cold, the leaves are sear, And
2. O Mis - ter Win - ter, strong and cold, When



old Jack Frost will soon be here; He is Win-ter's
 you ar - rive, so rough and bold, We shall slip and



broth - er, They are like each oth - er.
 stum - ble, We shall trip and tum - ble.

The Shell Song

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

mf

When I lis - ten, lis - ten well, In a lit - tle

f

spi - ral shell, I can hear the dis - tant sea, Singing o - cean

p

songs to me. — Hm — Hm — Hm — Hm —

The musical score for 'The Shell Song' is written on three staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The first staff begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and contains the lyrics 'When I lis - ten, lis - ten well, In a lit - tle'. The second staff continues with 'spi - ral shell, I can hear the dis - tant sea, Singing o - cean' and includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The third staff concludes with 'songs to me. — Hm — Hm — Hm — Hm —' and features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a clear emphasis on the lyrics.

Little King Boggen

Mother Goose

Charles L. Minturn

Lit - tle King Boggen, he built a fine hall. Pie crust and

pas - try crust, that was the wall. The win - dows were made of black

puddings and white, And sla - ted with pancakes: You ne'er saw the like!

The musical score for 'Little King Boggen' is written on three staves in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and repetitive, with a clear emphasis on the lyrics. The first staff contains the lyrics 'Lit - tle King Boggen, he built a fine hall. Pie crust and'. The second staff continues with 'pas - try crust, that was the wall. The win - dows were made of black'. The third staff concludes with 'puddings and white, And sla - ted with pancakes: You ne'er saw the like!'. The score is written in a clear, legible font with a simple staff and note notation.

In October

May Morgan

English Folk Song



1. Oc - to - ber is flaunting her gay - col - ored
2. The field mouse is stor - ing her grain for the



ban - ners Of scar - let and crimson, of orange and gold.
win - ter, Rich banquets pre - par - ing for days long and cold.

Driver and Boatman

Maud W. Goodwin
From the German

Ernst Schmid



1. What does the dri - ver? The dri - ver hitch - es
2. What does the boat - man? The boatman lies up -



up the cart, The hors - es tug, the dri - ver sings So
on the bank And shouts: "I can't stay here all day. Who

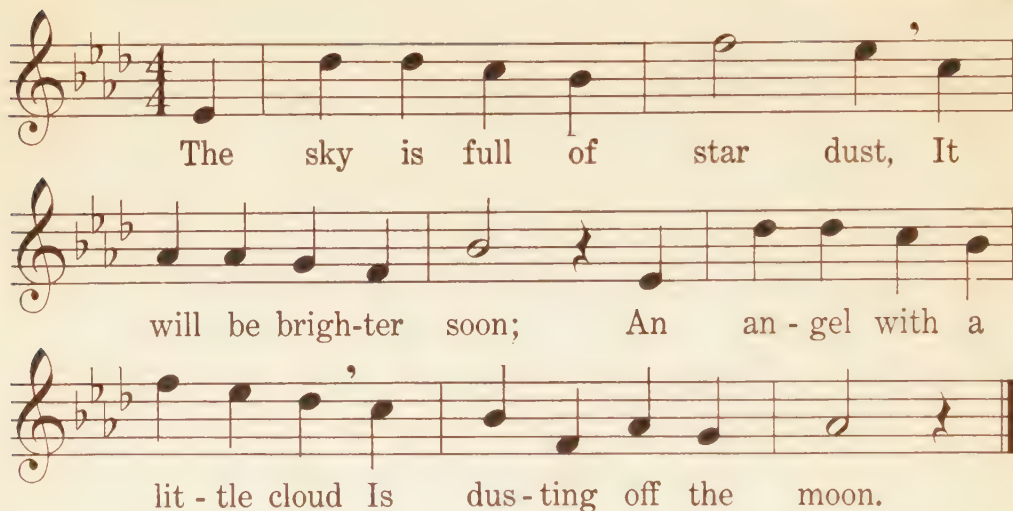


loud that through the street it rings: "Ho, Holla, Holla, Ho!"
wants the fer - ry, come this way! Ho. Holla, Holla, Ho!"

The Cloud

Abbie Farwell Brown

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

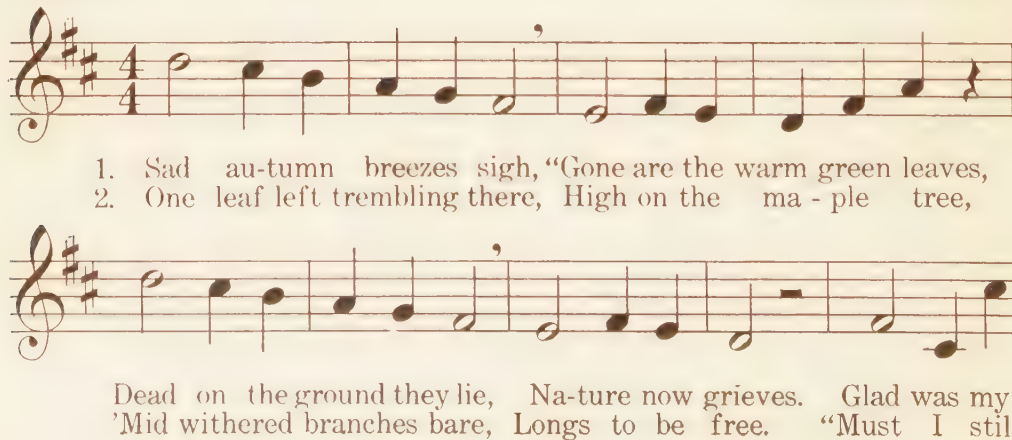


The sky is full of star dust, It
will be bright-er soon; An an-gel with a
lit-tle cloud Is dus-ting off the moon.

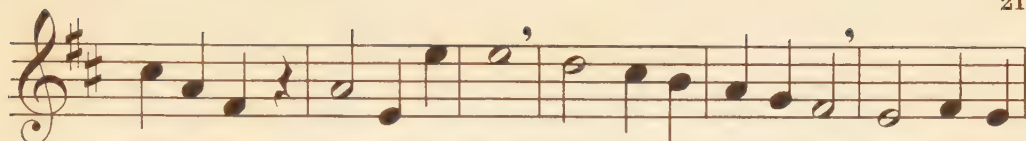
The Last Leaf

Margaret Aliona Dole

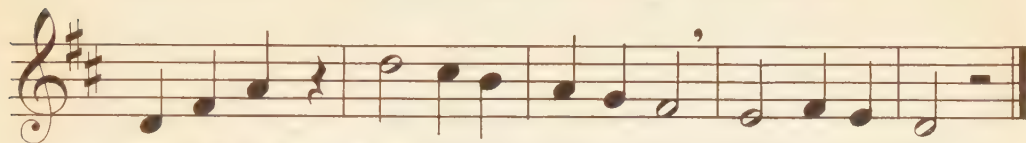
Gaetano Donizetti



1. Sad au-tumn breezes sigh, "Gone are the warm green leaves,
2. One leaf left trembling there, High on the ma-ple tree,
Dead on the ground they lie, Na-ture now grieves. Glad was my
'Mid withered branches bare, Longs to be free. "Must I still



welcome here, Gay ev'rywhere; Fruit of the mellow year, Trees clad in
linger here?" Sad-ly he cries. "Winter is drawing near, All of my



col-ors rare; Gone is the mag-ic spell, Sad my fare-well."
friends have died. Down on the ground they lie, Lone-ly am I."

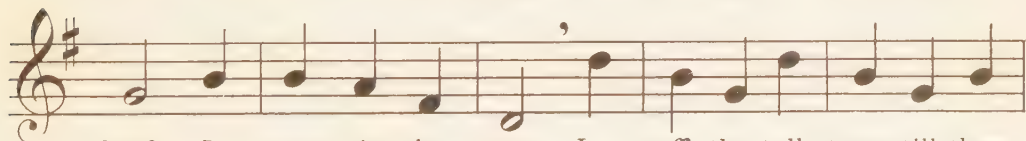
Guessing Song

Henry Johnstone

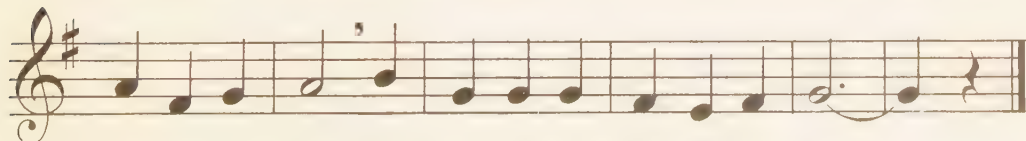
Kragerö



1. Oh ho! oh ho! Pray, who can I be? I sweep o'er the
2. Oh ho! oh ho! I'm migh-ty and strong; A puff of my



land, I scour o'er the sea; I cuff the tall trees till they
breath, the ships sail a - long. I'm known the world o - ver; now



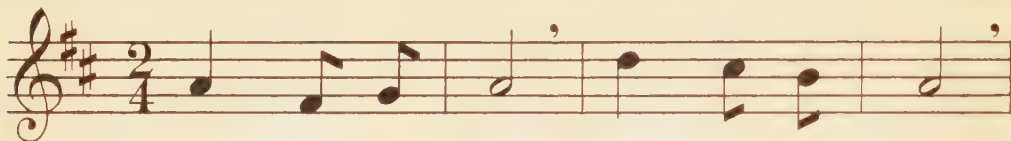
bow down their heads, And rock the wee birds in their beds. —
who can I be That sail o'er the land and the sea? —

Dear Little Moon

RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

George L. Wright



Dear lit - tle moon, High o - ver - head,



Shine gen - tly down On my small white bed.

Hide and Seek

RHYTHM STUDY

Ann Underhill

Adolf Weidig



Moth - er dear, moth - er dear, Can't find me!



Lit - tle boy, lit - tle boy, Where is he?

O - ver here, o - ver here, Come and see!

Ve - ry near, ve - ry near, Run to me!

Pretty Little Goldfish

RHYTHM STUDY

Sylvia Child

Fr. H. Mayer

Pret - ty lit - tle gold - fish, Come and go,

Swim-ming in the sun - shine, To and fro.

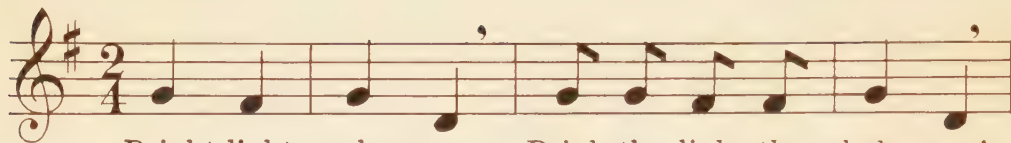
To and fro, to and fro;

Swim-ming in the sun - shine, To and fro.

New Day

Abbie Farwell Brown

German Folk Song



Bright light wakes me, Brigh-tly, ligh - tly shakes me!



Gay day greets me, Gay - ly, dai - ly meets me!



Bids me lift my sleep-y head From my co - zy, do - zy bed.

Poppies in the Wheat

Nellie Poorman

German Folk Song



1. Scarlet poppies are blow-ing, In the autumn air sweet;
2. Breezes soft set them dancing, Swaying all to and fro;



Flam-ing poppies glow warmly, Set-ting fire to the wheat.
Bend-ing low in deep curt'sies; Pretty manners they show.

Merry Rain

Marshall Bartholomew

Composed for this Series

mf

1. Sprin - kle, sprin - kle, comes the rain, Tap - ping on the
 2. Laugh - ing rain - drops, light and swift, Thro' the air they

win - dow - pane; Tric - kling, cours - ing, crowd - ing, forc - ing,
 fall and sift; Danc - ing, trip - ping, bound - ing, skip - ping,

Ti - ny rills on the drip - ping win - dow sills.
 Thro' the street with their thou - sand mer - ry feet.

A Wake-up Song

Luella Curran

Adolf Weidig

Composed for this Series

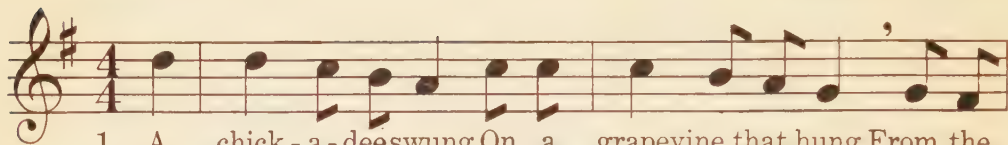
"Wake up! wake up!" chirps the spar - row. "Don't you
 know it is to - mor - row?" "I see you!" pipes the
 rob - in bright, "Sleep - ing in the morn - ing light!"

Chickadee Talk

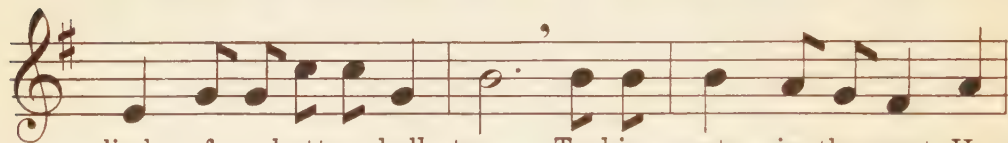
George Reiter Brill

Peter Christian Lutkin

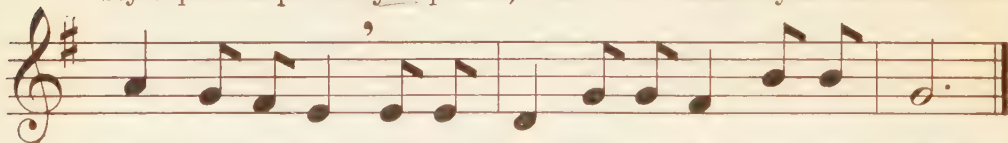
Composed for this Series



1. A chick - a - deeswung On a grapevine that hung From the
2. What - ev - er this meant, Yet the mes - sage he sent Seem'd to
3. Then both of them flew, For a me - ter or two, In a



limb of a button-ball tree. To his mate in the crest He
 be quite important, for she, With a toss of her head, Look'd
 style quite as pert as you please, To a mos - sy-lined nest Where



made this re-request: "Chicka - dee, chick-a-dee, chick - a - dee,"
 down and then said: "Chicka - dee, chick-a-dee, chick - a - dee."
 joy was expressed By their five ba - by - bye chick - a - dees.

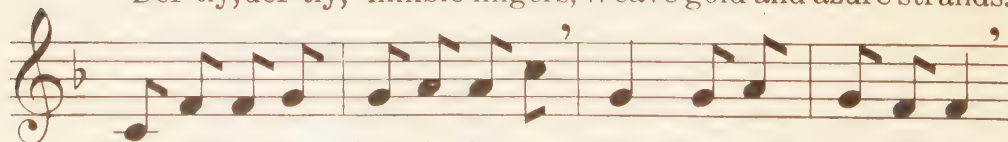
Shawl Weaver's Song

Seymour Barnard

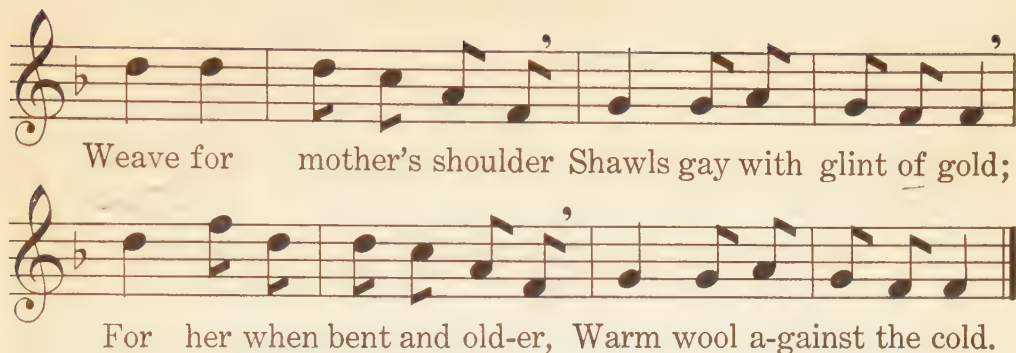
Cashmere Folk Song



Def-tly, def-tly, nimble fingers, Weave gold and azure strands.



Hasten, has-ten, he who lingers, Fly, firm and fac-ile hands.



Weave for mother's shoulder Shawls gay with glint of gold;
For her when bent and old-er, Warm wool a-against the cold.

Bringing in the Hay

George Reiter Brill

Granville Bantock
Composed for this Series



1. Hear the mer - ry laugh of chil - dren,
2. Good smells com - ing from the kitch - en,
3. Pitch - forks stick - ing in the shin - gle,

Hear the hors - es — neigh! It — is — such a
Chim - ney smok - ing — hard; Cat - tle — moo - ing
Don't look much like — play; Ev - 'ry - bo - dy

jol - ly bus' - ness Bring - ing in — the hay.
in the sta - ble, Men a - round the yard.
up since day - light, Bring - ing in — the hay.

The Farmyard

Old English Song

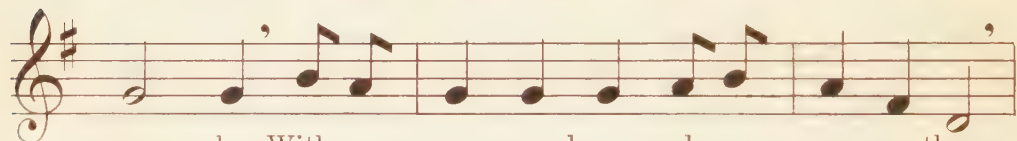
English Folk Song



1. Up was I on my father's farm On a May-day morning
 2. Up was I on my father's farm On a May-day morning



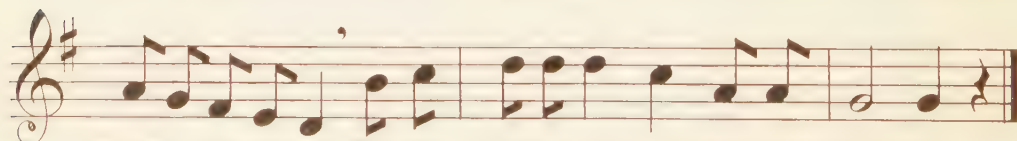
ear - ly, Feeding of my father's cows, On a May-day morning
 ear - ly, Feeding of my father's goats,* On a May-day morning



ear - ly. With a moo, moo here, and a moo, moo there,
 ear - ly. With a nan, nan here, and a nan, nan there,



Here a moo, there a moo, here a pretty moo. Six pretty maids come and
 Here a nan, there a nan, here a pretty nan. Six pretty maids come and



gang along o' me, To the merry green fields and the farm-yard.
 gang along o' me, To the merry green fields and the farm-yard.

** This song may be continued indefinitely by enumerating different animals and their characteristic cries.*

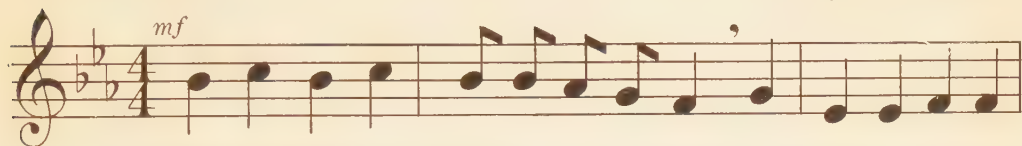
The Bee and the Butterfly

29

Margaret Eytinge

Marshall Bartholomew

Composed for this Series



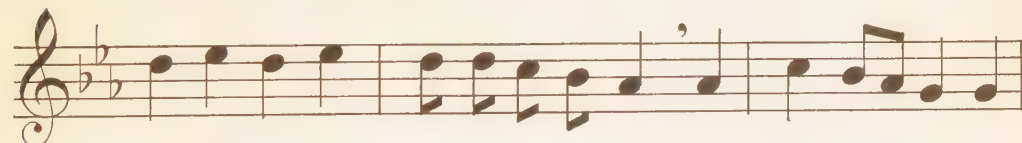
"Dear me! dear me!" Said a bu-sy bee, "I'm always making



hon - ey; No time to play, But work all— day. —



Is - n't it fun-ny, Ve-ry, ve-ry, fun-ny?"



"Oh, my! oh, my!" Said a butter-fly, "I'm al - ways eat-ing



hon - ey; And yet I play The live-long day.



Is - n't it fun-ny, Ve-ry, ve-ry fun-ny?"

The Invitation

Arthur Macy

Charles Villiers Stanford

Composed for this Series



1. Mis - ter Hum-ble Bum-ble Bee, Buz - zing in the sun,
2. Mis - ter Hum-ble Bum-ble Bee, You shall not re - fuse;
3. Mis - ter Hum-ble Bum-ble Bee, Would that I could guess



Will you come and vis - it me When your work is done?
You may come and ask of us A - ny - thing you choose.
What re - ply you'll send to me, Wheth - er no or yes.

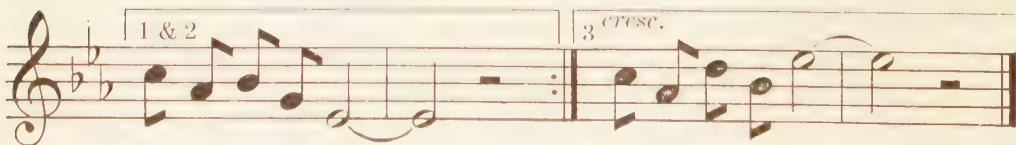


Com-ing up from Clo-ver-dale, With your lit - tle hon - ey pail,
Com-ing up from Clo-ver-dale, With your lit - tle hon - ey pail,
Com-ing up from Clo-ver-dale, With your lit - tle hon - ey pail,



Will you stop and take some tea,
Sweetest dainties you shall see,
Will you stop and take some tea,

Mister Humble Bumble Bumble



Bumble Bumble Bee?

Bumble Bumble Bee?

Old English Nursery Rhyme

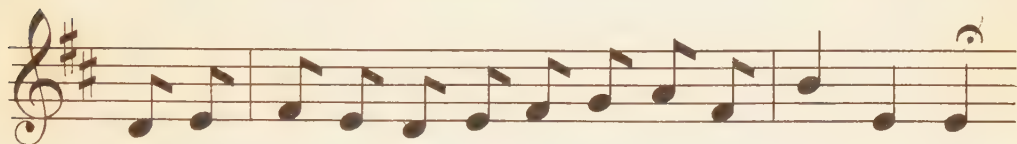
Old Rhyme

Fanny Snow Knowlton

Composed for this Series



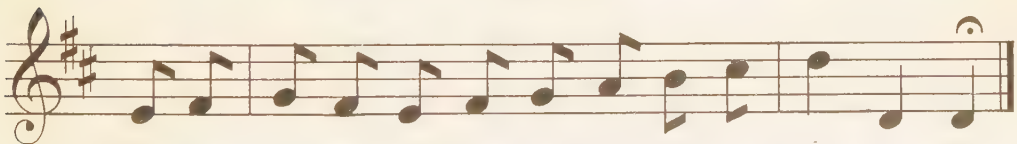
1. Once there lived a lit-tle man, Where a lit-tle riv-er ran,
2. Once his lit-tle maid-en, Ann, With her pret-ty lit-tle can,
3. Lit-tle maid cried out in vain, While the milk ran o'er the plain;
4. Then to make the sto-ry short, Lit-tle po-ny with a snort



And he had a lit-tle farm and lit-tle dai-ry, O!
 Went a-milk-ing when the morning sun was beam-ing, O!
 Lit-tle pig went grunting af-ter it so gay-ly, O!
 Lif-ted up his lit-tle heels so ve-ry clev-er, O!



And he had a lit-tle plough, And a lit-tle dap-ple cow,
 But she fell, I know not how, And she stumbled o'er the plough,
 While the lit-tle dog be-hind For a share was much inclined,
 And the man he tumbled down, And he near-ly cracked his crown,



Which he of-ten called his pret-ty lit-tle fair-y, O!
 And the cow was quite as-ton-ished at her scream-ing, O!
 So he pulled back squealing pig-gy by the tail-y, O!
 And this on-ly made the mat-ter worse than ev-er, O!

Redbreast in the Cherry Tree

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

Red - breast, in the cher-ry tree, Robin red, it
seems to me That you love the cher-ries so You
eat all a tree can grow. You love cherries, So do I; Please
leave some, please leave some, Please leave some for cher - ry pie!

Christmas Bells

TWO-PART ROUND

Ring, ting! the joy - bells are ring - ing, Glad
children are sing - ing, For Christmas is here!

The Water Baby's Lullaby

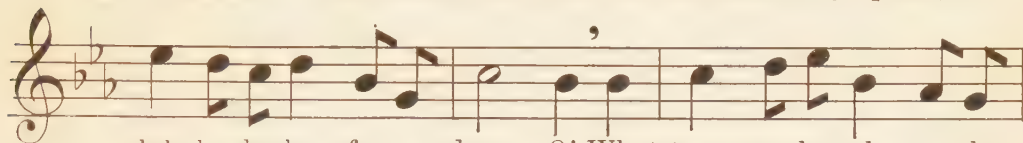
Alice C. D. Riley

Jessie L. Gaynor

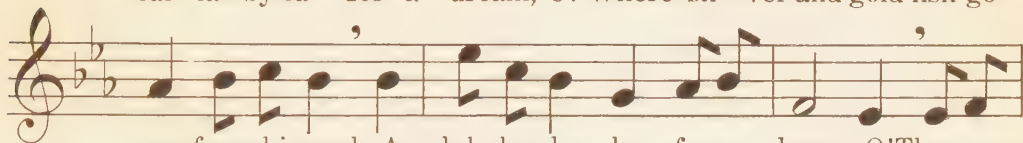
Composed for this Series



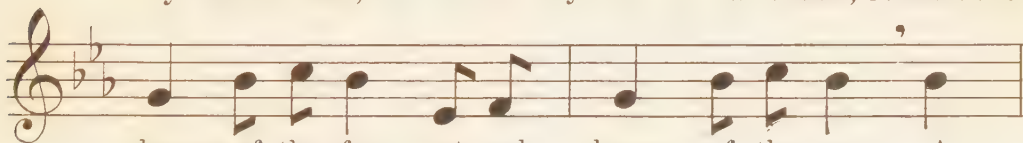
1. When the Sandman comes with sweet dreams in his sack, A -
2. Dreams of deep-sea caves where the waves soft - ly splash, A -



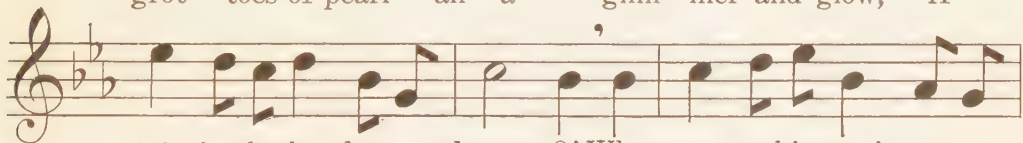
lul - la - by-lu for a dream, O! What treasures he takes one by
lul - la - by-lu for a dream, O! Where sil - ver and gold fish go



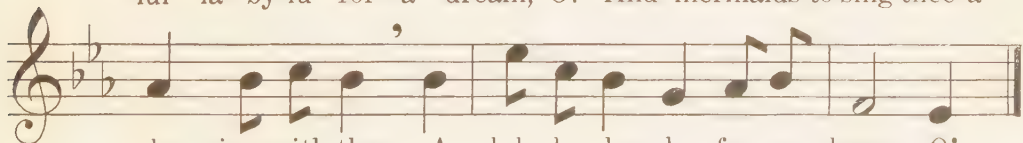
one from his pack, A - lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O! There are
by like a flash, A - lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O! There are



dreams of the for - est and dreams of the sea, A -
grot - toes of pearl all a - glim - mer and glow, A -



lul - la - by-lu for a dream, O! Where sea urchins wait to go
lul - la - by-lu for a dream, O! And mermaids to sing thee a



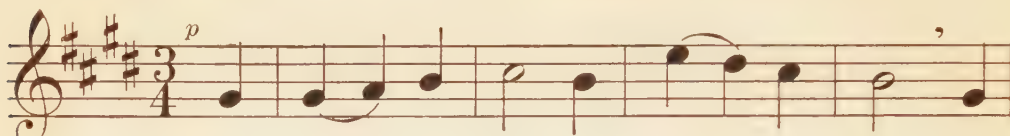
play - ing with thee, A - lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O!
lul - la - by low, A - lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O!

A New Year's Resolution

Nellie Poorman

March tempo

Eb. Kuhn



1. Last night the old year stole a - way, We
2. Be this our sim - ple dai - ly creed: Each
3. We'll make each day that hur - ries past, A



have — a clean New Year to - day; And may it
day — to help some one in need; Each day to
lit - tle bet - ter than the last; We'll try to



bring us right good cheer. We welcome thy coming, O
make some life less drear. We welcome thy coming, O
bring our Heav'n more near. We welcome thy coming, O



glad New Year! We welcome thy coming, O glad New Year!

O Wind that Blows

String to darkness

Alice C. D. Riley

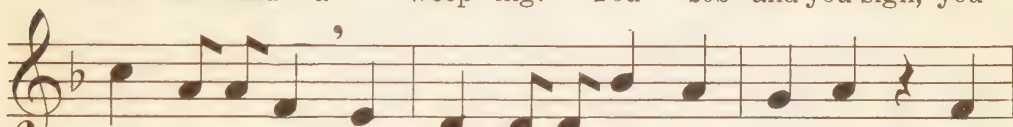
Catharina van Rennes



1. O wind that blows, blows a - cross the snows, And
2. O wind that cries 'neath the win - t'ry skies, O



sends the crys - tals — drif - ting! You whirl and you twirl, you
woe - ful wind a - weep - ing! You sob and you sigh, you



swish and you swirl, The snow thro' the crannies sif - ting. Then
moan and you cry, All night while the world is sleep - ing. Then



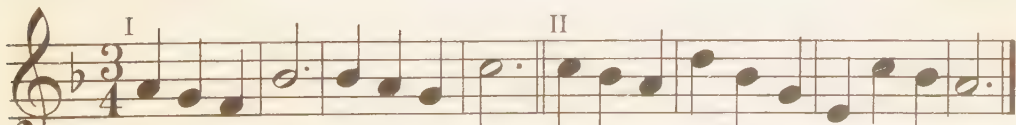
blow, then blow! Then blow, for the snow's a - drif - ting!
blow, then blow! O wind in the chimney weep - ing!

Coasting

TWO-PART ROUND

Anna G. Whitmore

J. J. Schaublin

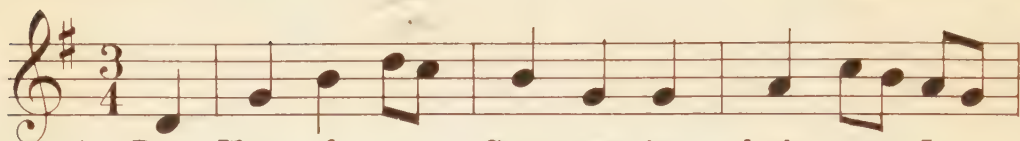


Mer-ri-ly ho! Coasting we go! Hurrying, scurrying, over the snow!

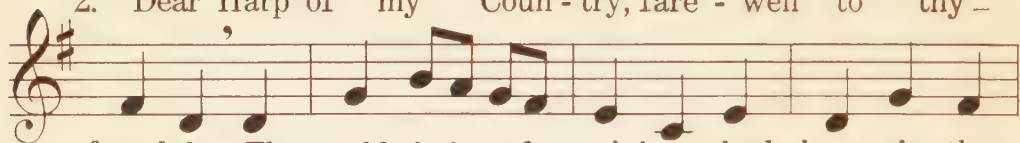
Dear Harp of My Country

Thomas Moore

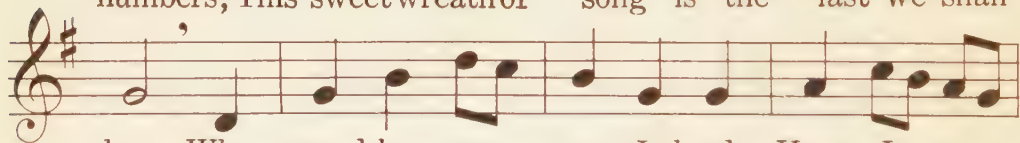
Welsh Folk Song



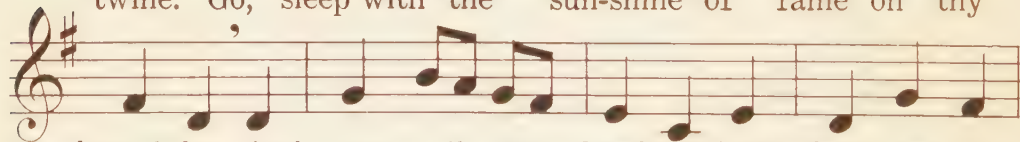
1. Dear Harp of my Coun - try, in dark - ness I
2. Dear Harp of my Coun - try, fare - well to thy -



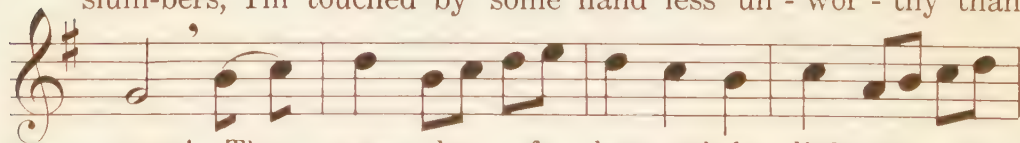
found thee; The cold chain of si - lence had hung o'er thee
numbers; This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall



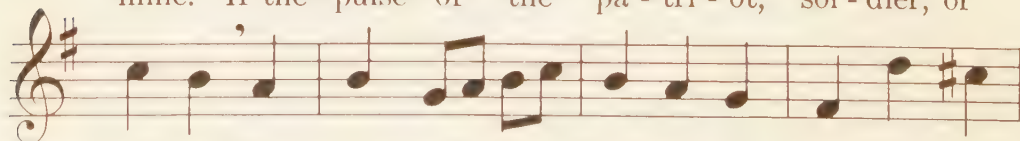
long, When proud - ly, my own Is - land Harp, I un -
twine. Go, sleep with the sun - shine of fame on thy



bound thee, And gave all thy chords to light, free - dom, and
slum - bers, Till touched by some hand less un - wor - thy than



song! The warm lay of love and the light note of
mine. If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot, sol - dier, or



glad - ness Have wak - en'd thy fond - est, thy live - li - est
lov - er Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo - ry a -



thrill; But so oft hast thou ech-oed the deep sigh of
lone; It was but as the wind passing heed-less-ly



sad-ness, That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.
o-ver, And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

A Valentine for Grandma

From *The Youth's Companion*

Mrs. Crosby Adams

Composed for this Series



1. I've wa-tered it and watched it grow; I've
2. And now, with blos-soms blue and fair, It



whispered, ev-er soft and low, "O pre-cious lit-tle
goes to stand by grandma's chair. O fra-grant lit-tle



plant of mine, Be rea-dy for my val-en-tine."
flower of mine, Bloom swee-tly for my val-en-tine.

In the Garden

May Gillington

Annie E. Armstrong



1. Blossoms blue and white and red, In the
2. Leaflets soft and smooth and green, On the
3. Grasses red and green and brown, In the



garden dance all day; Nod and bend each dainty
 branches dance all day, Upwards spring or side-ways
 meadows dance all day, Quiver gently up and



head, Swing and sway, Swing and sway. Each one
 lean, Swing and sway, Swing and sway. Each one
 down, Swing and sway, Swing and sway. All one



wears a crown of dew, Whose bright rays are dancing
 dips and courtseys low, Like the folk of long a-
 way like waves they run, Rising, fall-ing in the

cresc.



too; Let me learn to dance like
go; Let me learn to dance just
sun; Let me dance as you have



you, Dear blos-soms in — the — gar — den!
so, Dear leaf - lets on — the — bran — ches!
done, Dear gras - ses in — the — mea — dow!

The Swing Song

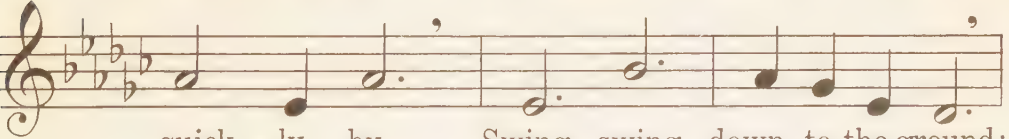
Sidney Heath

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

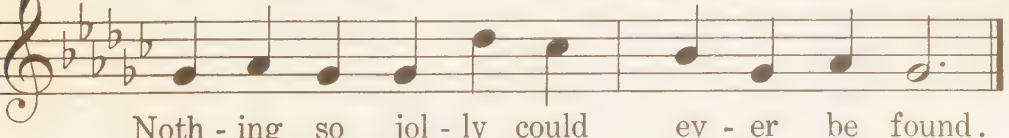
p



1. Swing, swing, up to the sky; Green leaves all go
2. Swing, swing, o-ver the grass, Pluck - ing ap - ples



quick - ly by. Swing, swing, down to the ground;
as they pass. Swing, swing, hear - ing the song



Noth - ing so jol - ly could ev - er be found.
Sung by the dick - y birds fly - ing a - long.

Chapter IV: The Quarter-Note Beat; Dotted-Quarter and Eighth Notes

Far Away

RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

George L. Wright



Far a - way, far a - way, See the whitecaps dot the bay.



Roll a - long, roll a - long; Hear the breaker's mournful song.

Spring's Coming

George Jay Smith
From the German

Adolf Wendt



1. Long ere the sleep - y rills Trickle from snow - y hills,
2. Blossoms no vi - o - let, Gray is the wood-land yet;
3. By the warm sun caressed, Hope fills his hap - py breast,



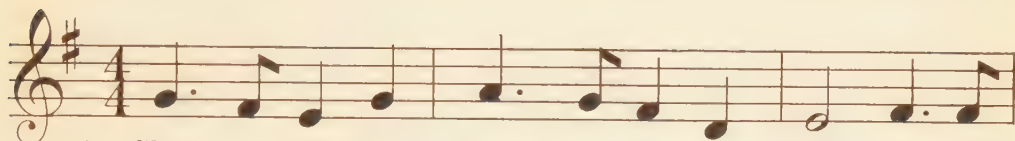
Hear the glad birds re-joice; Hap - py each voice!
Why should the lit - tle bird Joy - ful be heard?
Stir - ring his heart to sing Wel - come to spring.

All Through the Night

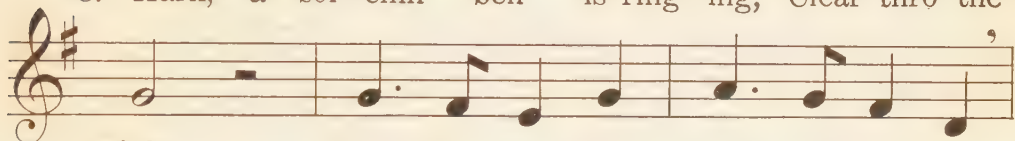
41

Old Welsh Song

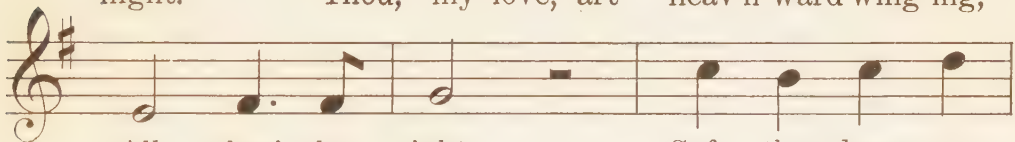
David Owen



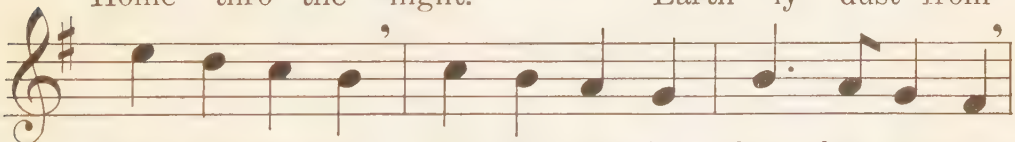
1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All thro' the
3. Hark, a sol-emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the



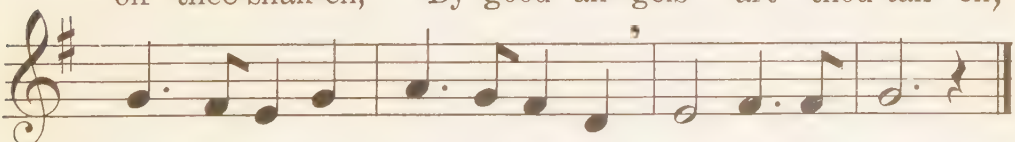
night. Guar-dian an-gels God will send thee,
 night; While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing,
 night. Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward wing-ing,



All thro' the night. Soft the drow-sy
 All thro' the night; O'er thy spir-it
 Home thro' the night. Earth-ly dust from



hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steeping;
 gen-tly steal-ing, Vi-sions of de-light re-veal-ing,
 off thee shak-en, By good an-gels art thou tak-en;



I my lov-ing vig-il keep-ing, All thro' the night.
 Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All thro' the night.
 Soul im-mor-tal shalt thou wak-en, Home thro' the night.

Happy Pilgrim

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the German

W. A. Mozart



1. Let Truth and Hon - or be your guide, Through
2. Your bur - den then will seem so light, Your

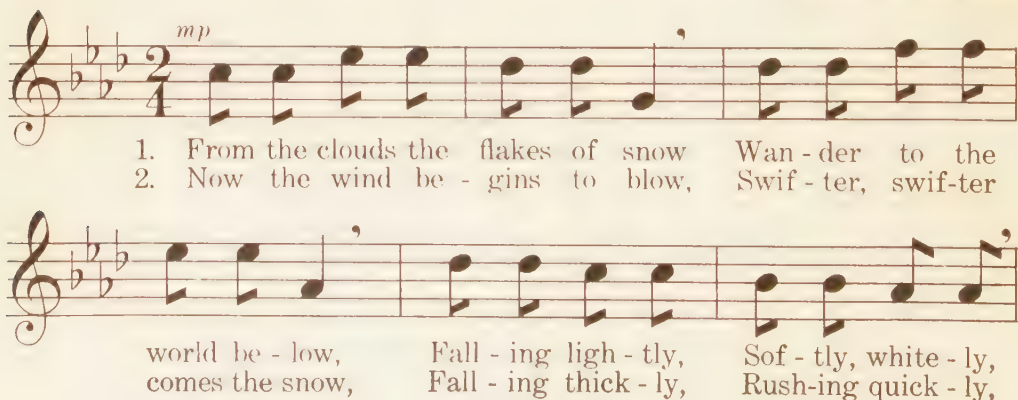
all your length of days; And move no fin - ger's
shoul - ders strong and free; And cheered by sun - shine

breadth a - side From God's most ho - ly ways.
warm and bright Your path thro' life shall be.

The Snow

From *The Youth's Companion*

G. A. Grant-Schaefer
Composed for this Series



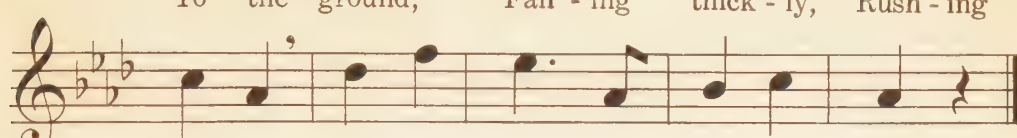
mp

1. From the clouds the flakes of snow Wan - der to the
2. Now the wind be - gins to blow, Swif - ter, swif - ter

world be - low, Fall - ing high - tly, Sof - tly, white - ly,
comes the snow, Fall - ing thick - ly, Rush - ing quick - ly,



To the ground; Fall - ing ligh - tly, Sof - tly,
To the ground; Fall - ing thick - ly, Rush - ing



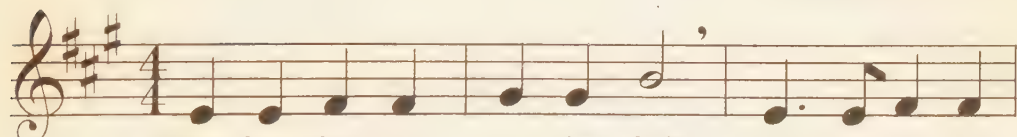
white - ly, Heap - ing drifts with - out a sound.
quick - ly, Heap - ing drifts with - out a sound.

The Apples

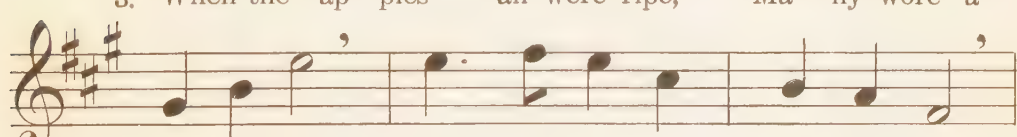
Lee Burns

Horatio Parker

Composed for this Series



1. "What hue shall my ap - ples be?" Asked the lit - tle
2. But the crim - son ro - ses said, "We should like to
3. When the ap - ples all were ripe, Ma - ny wore a



ap - ple tree. "That is eas - y to de - cide;
have them red." While the dan - de - lions con - fessed
yel - low stripe. Some were red and some were seen



Have them green," the gras - ses cried.
Yel - low seemed to them the best.
Dressed in coats of sof - test green.

The Homesick Lowlander

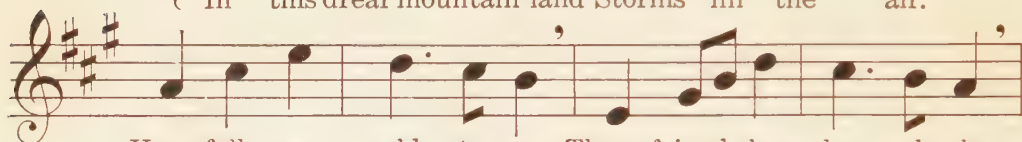
Ethel B. Howard
From the German

Tyrolese Folk Song



1. { Hap - py the val - ley land, There my heart flies!
 { Here in the mountain land Tears dim my eyes.

2. { In my dear val - ley land All days are fair;
 { In this drear mountain land Storms fill the air.



Here folks are cold to me, There friends love loy - al - ly;
 There I have joy in life, Here have I care and strife;



Down in the val - ley land No friend - ship dies.
 Home in my val - ley land, Would I — were there!

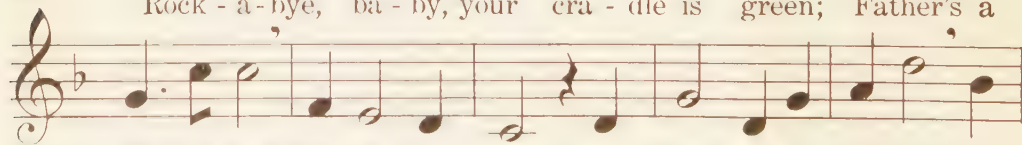
Rock-a-bye Baby

Mother Goose

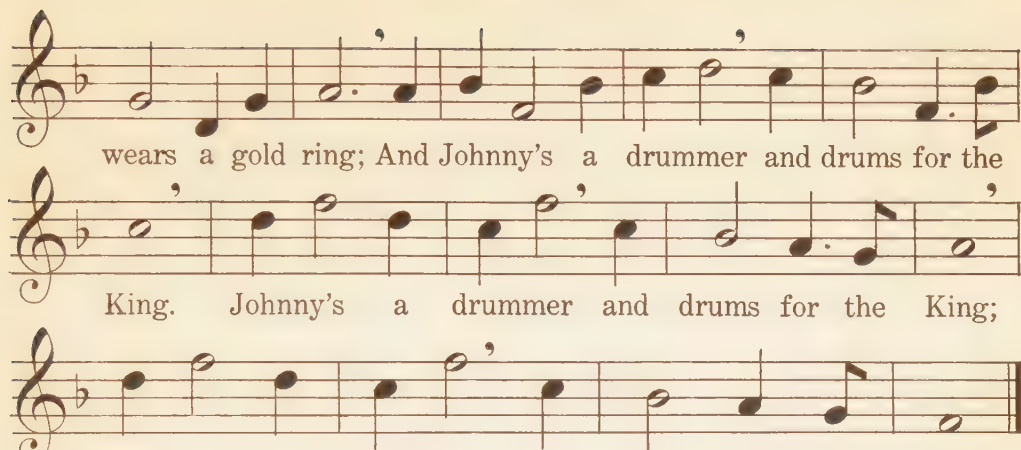
Arthur Whiting
Composed for this Series



Rock - a - bye, ba - by, your cra - dle is green; Father's a



no - ble - man, mother's a queen; And Bet - ty's a la - dy, and

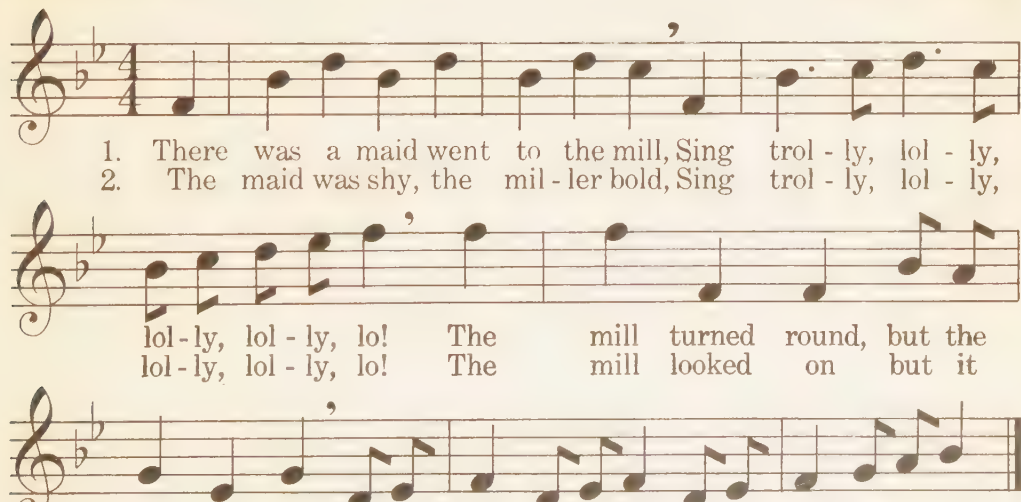


wears a gold ring; And Johnny's a drummer and drums for the
King. Johnny's a drummer and drums for the King;
Johnny's a drummer and drums for the King.

There Was a Maid Went to the Mill

Old English Song

English Folk Song



1. There was a maid went to the mill, Sing trol - ly, lol - ly,
2. The maid was shy, the mil - ler bold, Sing trol - ly, lol - ly,
lol - ly, lol - ly, lo! The mill turned round, but the
lol - ly, lol - ly, lo! The mill looked on but it
maid stood still, Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh! did she so?
nev - er told, Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh! was it so?

Katrina

Stella George Stern

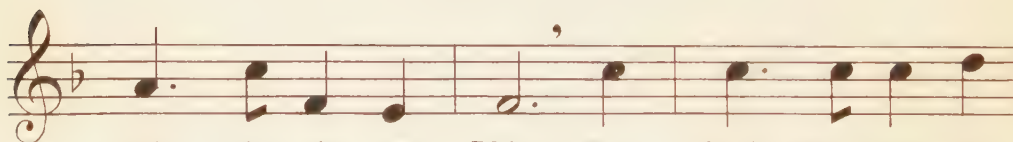
William E. Haesche
Composed for this Series



1. Ka - tri - na came to our — school, Her seat was next to
2. She al - ways comes to school on time; Her desk is just as



mine. She used to live in Ger - ma - ny, Be -
neat! I'm sure I'm twice as care - ful, Since Ka -



side the riv - er Rhine. Her cheeks were pink as
tri - na shares my seat. It makes me have some



cher - ry blooms, Her lips ten times as red; — But
new, new thoughts, Some kind - lier thoughts, to know — That,



none of us could un - der - stand A word Ka - tri - na said.
though I can - not speak to her, I love Ka - tri - na so.

The Dream Peddler

Lucy M. Blinn

Marshall Bartholomew

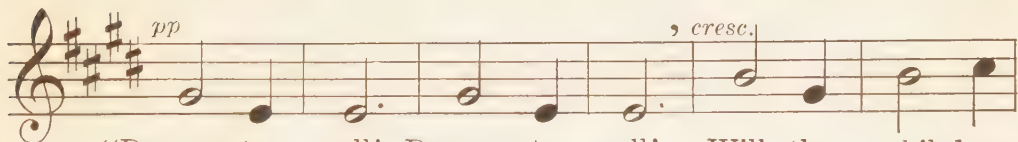
Composed for this Series



1. Up the streets of Slum - ber - town Comes the cri - er
2. "Here are dreams of mer - ry spring Fashioned where the
3. "Here are dreams for sum - mer sleep; Fan - cies light as
4. On the streets of Slum - ber - town Ev - er sounds a



with his bell, Call - ing sof - tly up — and down,
 blos - soms wake; Where the fields and mea - dows ring
 this - tle spray, Wov - en where the fair - ies keep
 sil - ver bell, As the cri - er wan - ders down,



"Dreams to sell! Dreams to sell! Will the chil - dren
 With the songs Breez - es make. Ah, no ped - dler
 Sum - mer - time Hol - i - day. Fair - y dreams, oh
 Soft his call, "Dreams to sell! Sleep - y chil - dren,

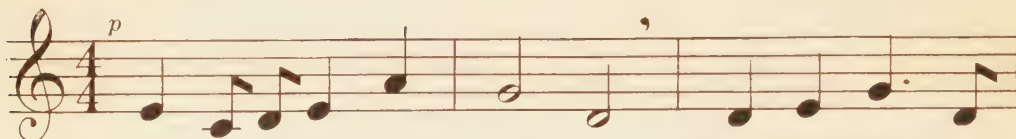


choose to buy? Such a world of them have I!
 far or nigh Sells such mer - ry dreams as I!
 buy and try! Who has daintier dreams than I?"
 come and buy! Who has swee - ter dreams than I?"

Our Father's Home

Alice C. D. Riley
From the Dutch

Catharina van Rennes



1. One tender Fa-ther leads us, Loves His chil-dren
2. One tender Fa-ther loves us, Makes us broth-ers



all; Bends down His ear and heeds us, Hears our ev-'ry
here, While bend His skies a-bove us, Love may ban-ish



call. Though I sail the bound-ing sea,
fear. Hail! my broth-ers, clasp my hand,



Though a-far I — roam, — Lone-ly of heart I
Where-so-e'er we — roam, — Strange tho' the tongue or



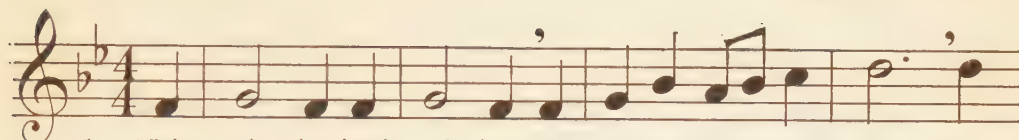
ne'er shall be, 'Tis my — Father's home.
far the land, — 'Tis our — Father's home.

The Rain

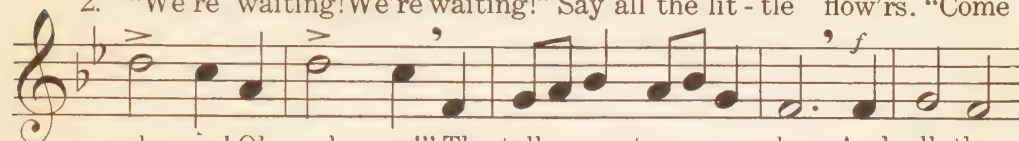
Alice V. L. Carrick

Max Bruch

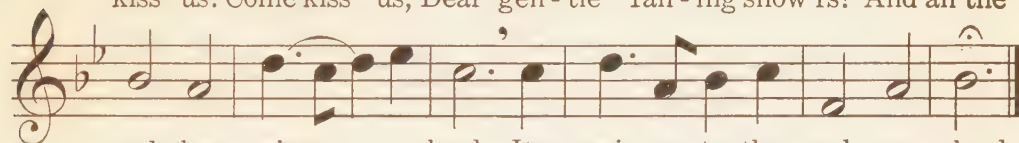
Composed for this Series



1. "It's rain - ing! It's rain-ing!" The happy hill - tops cry. "Oh,
2. "We're waiting! We're waiting!" Say all the lit - tle flow'rs. "Come



wel-come! Oh, wel-come!" The tall green trees re - ply. And all the
kiss us! Come kiss us, Dear gen - tle fall - ing show'rs!" And all the

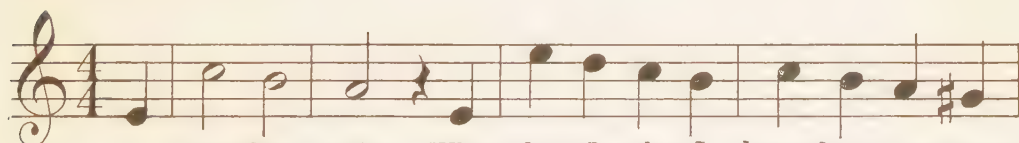


val - ley sings — a - loud Its prais - es to the cool gray cloud.
thirs - ty land — a - gain Gives greeting to the sil - ver rain!

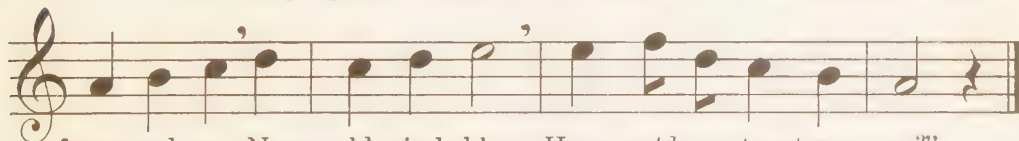
To Spring

CANON, ONE MEASURE

Margaret Aliona Dole



A snowdrop spoke, "When first I woke I donned my new green



dress and cap. Now cold winds blow; How could you treat me so?"

Sweet Nightingale

Old English Song

English Folk Song



1. Pret - ty maid, come a - long! Don't you hear the sweet
 2. Pret - ty Bet - ty, don't fail, For I'll car - ry your



song, The sweet notes of the nightingale flow? ____ Don't you
 pail Safe - ly home to your cot as we go. ____ You shall



hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightin - gale, As she sings in the
 hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightin - gale, As she sings in the



val - ley be - low? ____ As she
 val - ley be - low. ____ As she



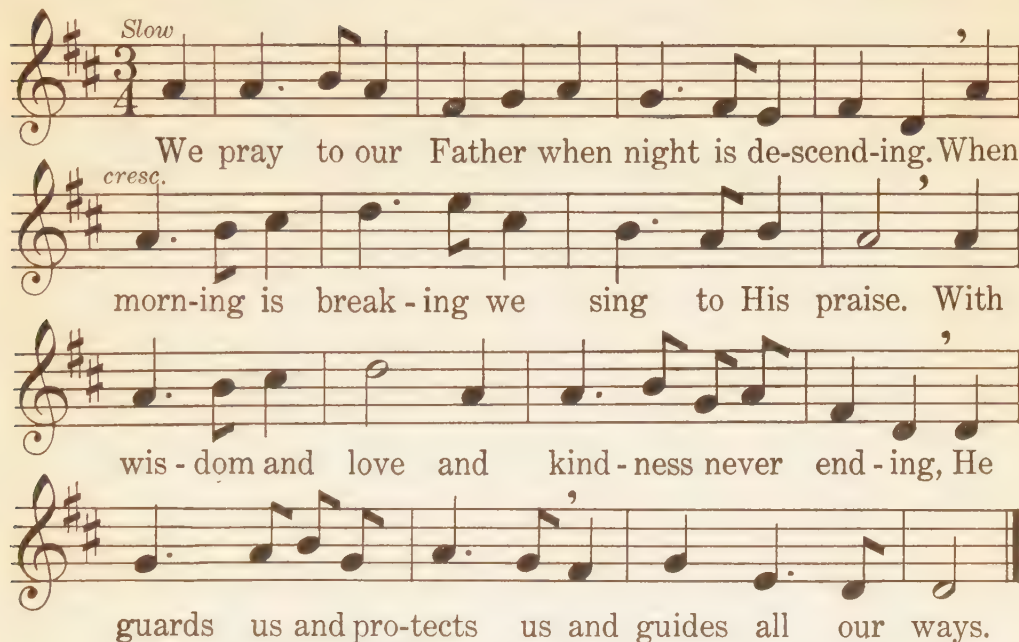
sings in the val - ley be - low? ____
 sings in the val - ley be - low. ____

Praise to the Father

Anna G. Whitmore

Ancient Dutch Folk Song

Slow



We pray to our Father when night is de-scend-ing. When
cresc.
 morn-ing is break-ing we sing to His praise. With
 wis-dom and love and kind-ness never end-ing, He
 guards us and pro-ects us and guides all our ways.

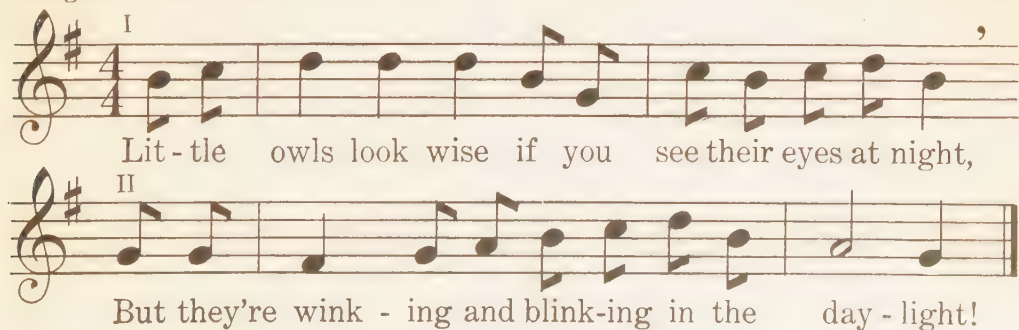
The Little Owls

TWO-PART ROUND

Margaret Aliona Dole

Old German Round

I



Lit-tle owls look wise if you see their eyes at night,
II
 But they're wink-ing and blink-ing in the day-light!

English Folk Song



whither so high?" "To sweep the cob-webs from the

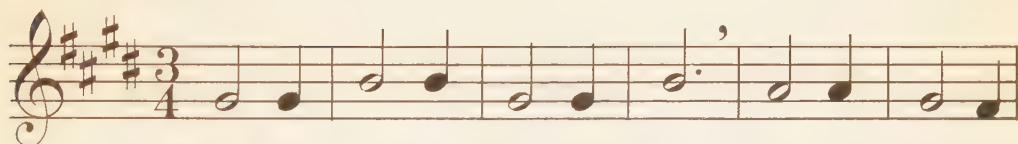


sky, — And I'll — be with you by — and by."

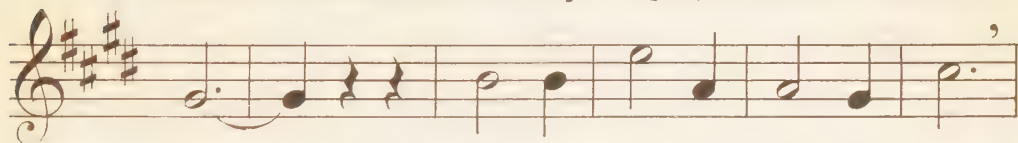
Small Stars

Alice E. Sollitt
From the Swedish

Elsa Uppling



1. Twinkling stars are shi - ning clear, Ten - der, soft, and
2. Moth - er's stars are ba - by's eyes, Like the heav - en's



true. — Gen - tly sleep, my ba - by dear,
hue. — Now each eye - lid droop - ing lies



Close thine eyes of blue. — Gen - tly sleep, my
Soft a - cross the blue. — Now each eye - lid



ba - by dear, Close thine eyes of blue. —
droop - ing lies Soft a - cross the blue. —

There's Nothing Like the Rose

Christina G. Rossetti

Adolf Weidig
Composed for this Series

The lil - y has an air, And the snow-drop a grace, And the
sweet pea a way, And the hearts-ease a face. Yet there's
noth-ing like the rose When she blows. Yet there's
noth-ing like the rose When she blows.

The Four-Leaf Clover

Dora H. Stockman

Gaetano Donizetti

p
I've been hunting in the meadow Where the crimson clover
blows, Just to see if I could find the place The

four-leaf clo-ver grows. If I ev - er, ev - er
find it, All the pre-cious seeds I'll pluck, And I'll
sow the fields and meadows So that all may have good luck.

The Way the Rain Behaves

From *Blossoms by the Way*

Alfred G. Wathall
Composed for this Series

1. Beat-ing the clo-ver Un-der and o - ver;
2. Pel-ting the gar-den, Beg-ging no par-don,
3. Drub-bing and rub-bing, All the leaves scrubbing;
4. Splashing and dash-ing, Mer-ry drops clash-ing,
Toss-ing it thith-er, Fling-ing it hith-er;
Though all the ro - ses Fall on their no - ses;
Then the trees shak-ing, Leav-ing them quak-ing;
Each oth - er hus-ting; O what a bus-ting!

This is the way — the rain be - haves!

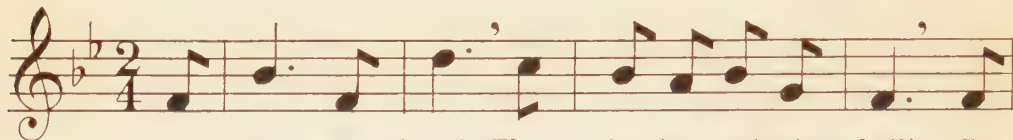
Chapter VI: Phrases Beginning on the Eighth-Note Before the Beat

Oh Hark! Oh Hear!

RHYTHM STUDY

Ann Underhill

Fr. H. Mayer



Oh hark! Oh hear! The ring-ing, swinging bell! So

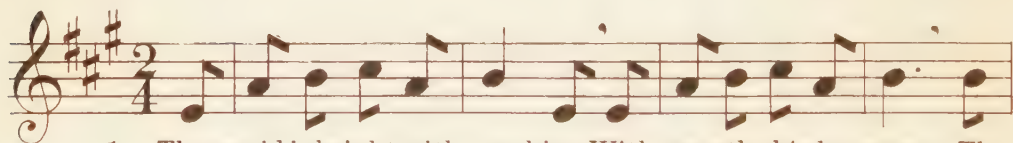


loud, so clear! The ring - ing, swing - ing bell!

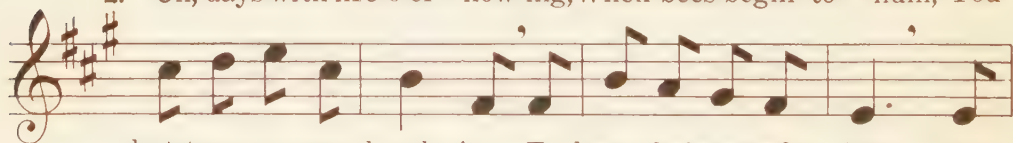
Before the Roses Come

Elsie Cobb

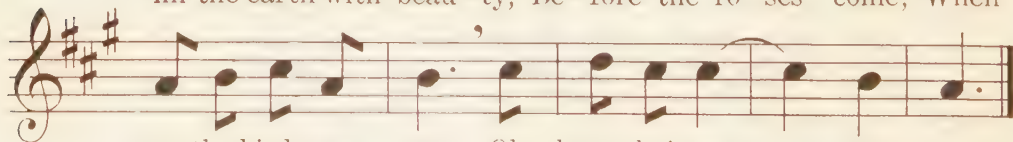
French Folk Song



1. The world is bright with sunshine, With song the birds are gay; The
2. Oh, days with life o'er - flow-ing, When bees begin to hum, You



but-ter-cups are laugh-ing, To hear their roun-de - lay; With
fill the earth with beau-ty, Be-fore the ro-ses come; When



song the birds are gay; Oh hear their roun - de - lay.
bees be-gin to hum, Be-fore the ro - ses come.

Cock Robin

From *Cradle Songs*

Marshall Bartholomew

Composed for this Series

Lit-tle Rob-in Red-breast Sat up-on a tree;
 He sang mer - ri - ly, mer-ry as could be. He
 nod-ded with his head, And his tail wag-gled he, As
 lit-tle Robin Red-breast sat up-on a tree. Tra, la, la, la,
 la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,
 mer-ry as could be; Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la,
 la, la, Lit-tle Robin Red-breast sat up-on a tree.

O Ship of Clouds

Alice E. Sollitt

German Folk Song

1. O ship of clouds, that sails the skies, So far a -
 2. O lit - tle child, so far be - low, I'm bringing

bove a lit - tle child! What wondrous car - go, what rich
 car - go of rich gold, In daf - fo - dil, in sun - set

prize — Art bringing in your voy-age wild?
 glow, — In sum-mer days of joys un - told.

May Day

Abbie Farwell Brown

French Folk Song

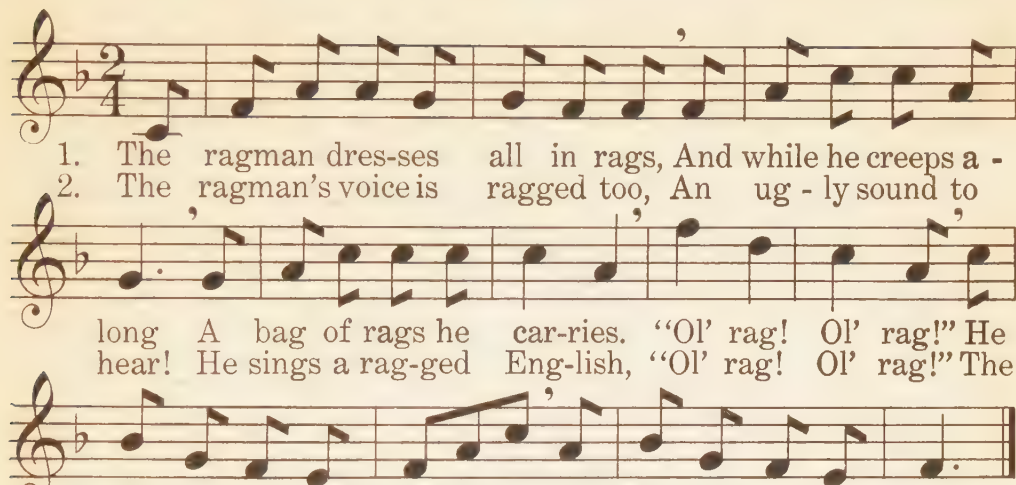
1. Here come the chil - dren Danc - ing on the
 2. A-round their May - pole Wind - ing to and

green, With pretty gar - lands Wov - en for their Queen!
 fro, With happy laugh - ter Mer - ri - ly they go.

The Ragman

Abbie Farwell Brown

German Folk Song



1. The ragman dresses all in rags, And while he creeps a -
 2. The ragman's voice is ragged too, An ug - ly sound to

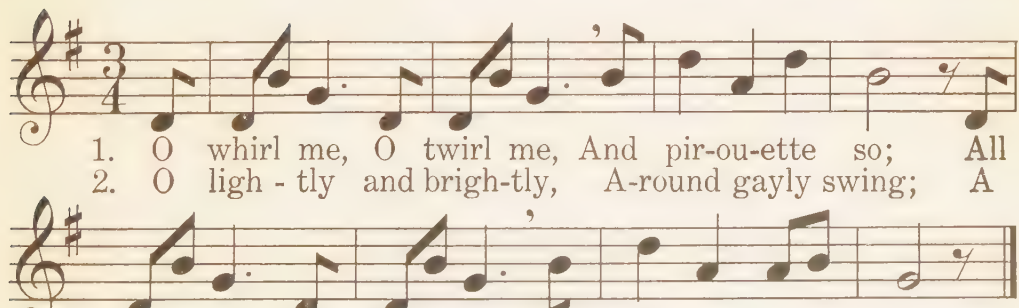
long A bag of rags he car-ries. "Ol' rag! Ol' rag!" He
 hear! He sings a rag-ged Eng-lish, "Ol' rag! Ol' rag!" The

bawls a rag-ged song, He bawls a rag-ged song.
 words are ve - ry queer! The words are ve - ry queer!

Dancing Song

Nellie Poorman

Ernst Schmid



1. O whirl me, O twirl me, And pir-ou-ette so; All
 2. O ligh - tly and brigh-tly, A-round gayly swing; A

fea - tly and flee - tly, We dance on tip - toe.
 gay time is play-time, We dance as we — sing.

What the Little Bird Said

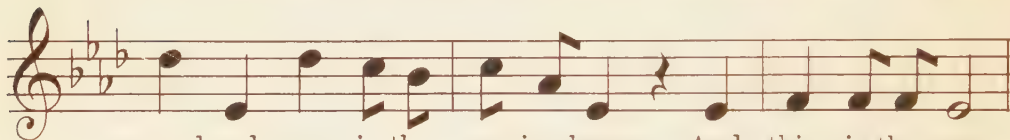
Virginia Baker

Paul Bliss

Composed for this Series



- | | | |
|--|------------------|-----|
| 1. A lit - tle bird perched on my | win-dow-sill | And |
| 2. "Oh, tell me where would swing our | pret - ty nests, | And |
| 3. "With-in the bark up - on the | stur-dy trees | We |
| 4. "You lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle | boys and girls, | Who |



swayed and swung in the morning breeze, And this is the song,
where would cra - dle our ba - by brood, If nev - er a tree,
find the food that we like to eat, And shel-tering leaves,
love the birds and would have them stay, Oh, plant ma - ny trees,



this is the song, The song that he sang to me. "Oh,
nev - er a tree, Through-out all the coun-try stood. Oh,
shel-tering leaves, Pro - tect from the sun's fierce heat. Oh,
plant ma - ny trees, On this sunny Ar - bor Day. For



what would we do, what would we do if there were no trees? Oh,



what would we do, what would we do if there were no trees?"

Sand Wells

Abbie Farwell Brown

W. B. Olds

Composed for this Series



I made a pic-ture in the sand, A great big gi-ant



face; I scooped the eyes out with my hand, In



quite the proper place. And then, well, well! What do you think? It



was a great sur-prise; The gi-ant face be-gan to wink, And



tears came in his solemn eyes, And tears came in his eyes.

Be Careful

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

Félicien David

1. Gay La-dy Laugh-ter! Sweet is her voice. Ech-o-ing
2. Sweet Mistress Pleasure! Fair is her face; Joys without

af - ter Bids us re - joice. We must be care - ful!
meas - ure Serve her with grace. We must be wa - ry!

Lest we may find Laughter makes tearful, She is un - kind.
Though she is sweet, Gid-dy and merry, She is a cheat!

The Rainbow Dress

Miriam Clark Potter

Bohemian Folk Song

1. Rain-bow, rain-bow, pret - ty rain-bow in the sky,
2. Children, children, lit - tle children, it is true,

Are you spun of sun - set col - ors, left to dry?
I am made of sun - set col - ors, cloud and dew.



Did the fair - y rain-drops wash you, hang you there,
Moth - er Sun will dry me well, for you can guess

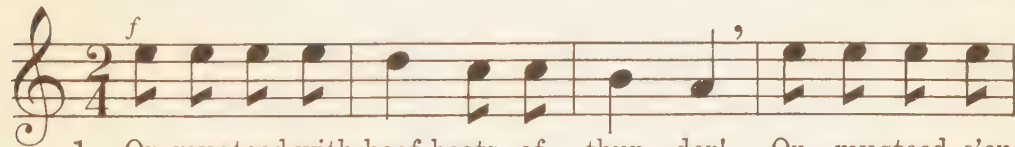


Like a gown of gar-den flow-ers, high in air?
I'm the lit-tle summer-eve-ning's best new dress!

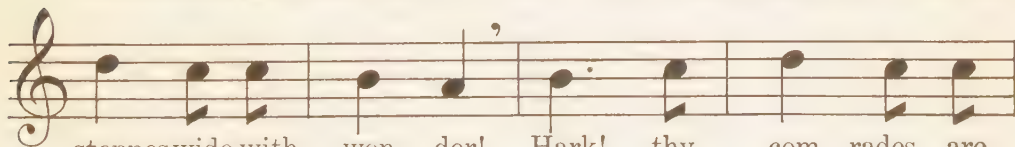
A Song of the Steppes

Alice C. D. Riley

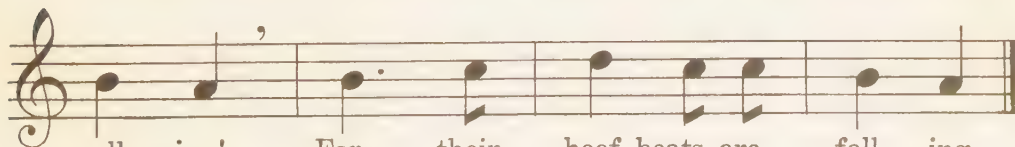
Russian Folk Song



1. On, my steed, with hoof beats of thun - der! On, my steed, o'er
2. Shake, my lance, and long to be fly - ing! Neigh, my steed, thy



steppes wide with won - der! Hark! thy com - rades are
com-rades are cry - ing! On! no foe - man shall



call - ing! Far their hoof beats are fall - ing.
down thee! On! and vic - t'ry shall crown thee!

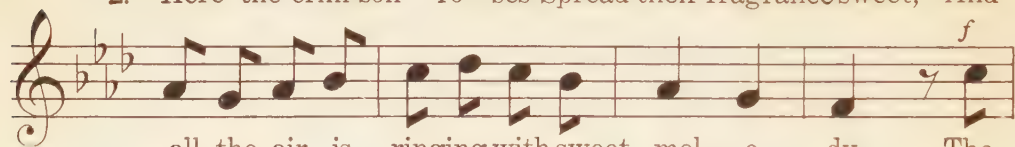
A Spanish Dance

Florence Hoare

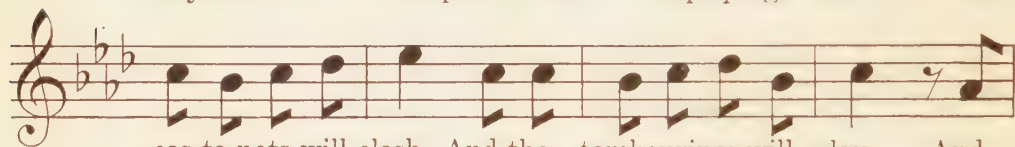
Basque Air



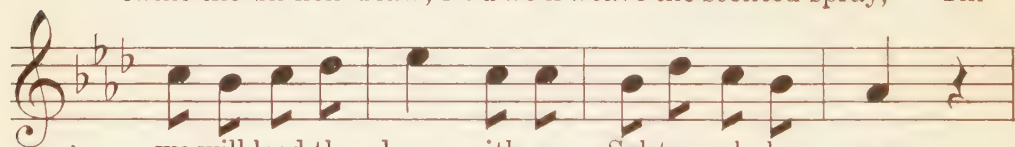
1. Come and tread a meas-ure O'er the green with me, While
2. Here the crim-son ro - ses Spread their fragrancesweet, And



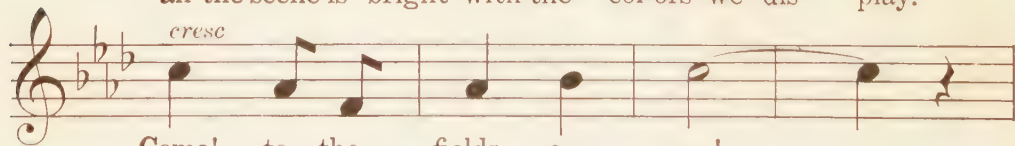
all the air is ringing with sweet mel - o - dy. The
they shall be a car-pet for our trip - ping feet. We'll



cas-ta-nets will clash, And the tambourines will play, And
twine the sil-ken scarf, And we'll weave the scented spray, Till



we will lead the dance with a Sal-ter-el-la gay.
all the scene is bright with the col-ors we dis - play.



Come! to the fields a - way!
Come! to the fields a - way!



All the world is dancing on this hol - i - day.
All the world is dancing on this hol - i - day.

PART TWO

Chapter VIII: Interval Studies

Susie, Little Susie

SECONDS

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

German Folk Song



1. Su - sie, lit-tle Su - sie, what stirs in the hay? The
2. Su - sie, lit-tle Su - sie, three pennies, I pray, To



gos - lings must go bare-foot, for no shoes have they. The
buy the bread and sug - ar I must have to - day. I'll



cob-ler has leath-er but no last to use.
sell my warm bed and go sleep in the hay.



Who will make the goslings a pair of red shoes?
Su - sie, lit - tle Su - sie, three pennies, I pray!

Hollyhock

SECONDS

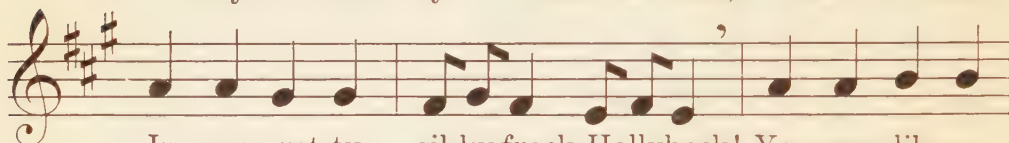
Kate Forman

Fanny Snow Knowlton

Composed for this Series



1. When I saw you far a-way, At my play,
2. When I see you ve-ry near, It is queer,
3. But you're ve-ry kind to feed, Yes in-deed!



In your pret-ty sil-ky frock, Hollyhock! You were like a
And it gives me quite a shock, Hollyhock! Lit-tle bee-tles
Such a greed-y lit-tle flock, Hollyhock! And you real-ly



state-ly la-dy, In a gar-den green and sha-dy.
rude and fun-ny Crawl around and take your hon-ey.
are a la-dy, In your garden green and sha-dy.

Theme

SECONDS

From *The Ninth Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven



The Voyagers

SECONDS

67

May Gillington

Frank L. Moir



1. There once was a ship and a gal-lant ship was she, All
2. The ship was a cush-ion from father's eas-y chair; Oh,
3. With sweets on the deck and with biscuits in the hold, They
4. They sailed far a-way and full ma-ny sights did see, And



taut and trim and steady and as fast as fast could be; And the
how it rock'd and trembled on the bil-lows of the stair! But the
tucked warm rugs about them just to keep them from the cold, And a
ma - ny wonders strange enough to frighten you or me, Then at



three lit-tle mar-i-ners they sailed a-way to sea, Sing-ing.
three lit-tle mar-i-ners they knew no thought of care, Sing-ing,
flag on their topmast they so proud-ly did un-fold, Sing-ing,
last, steering home a-gain, were just in time for tea, Sing-ing,



"Ho! yeo ho! Ho, yeo ho!" Singing, "Ho, yeo ho, heave ho!"

Daisies

THIRDS

Christina Rossetti

A. L. Abel

mf

Where in-no-cent bright eyed daisies are, With blades of grass be-
tween, — Each dai - sy stands up like a star, A - gainst a
f
sky of green, of green; A - gainst a sky of green. —

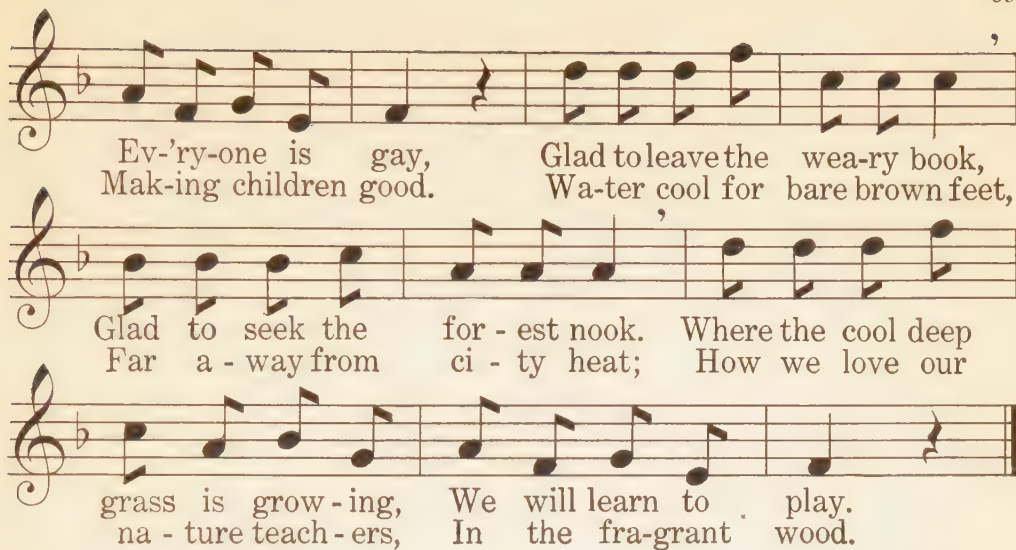
Woodland Lessons

THIRDS

Caroline Fuller

Swedish Folk Dance

1. School is out and we are go - ing Where the pret - ty
2. Lis - ten to the wood - land creatures, As they whis - per
sha - dy brook Thro' the sun - lit field is flow - ing.
les - sons sweet; Sermons from the best of preachers,



Ev'-ry-one is gay, Glad to leave the wea-ry book,
 Mak-ing children good. Wa-ter cool for bare brown feet,
 Glad to seek the for-est nook. Where the cool deep
 Far a-way from ci-ty heat; How we love our
 grass is grow-ing, We will learn to play.
 na-ture teach-ers, In the fra-grant wood.

Dance of the Leaves

FOURTHS

Nellie Poorman

English Folk Song



1. Ev'ry leaf dons the gayest gown, Splash'd with crimson and golden
 2. North Wind plays them his jolly tunes, Mel-o-dies of the Arctic
 3. See the ed-dy of liv-ing flame, Gaudy leaves in an elf-in
 4. One mad frolic, and then the fun For the leaves is for-ev-er
 brown; One and all, in the fall, For the an-nu-al autumn ball.
 dunes; Merry strain, wild refrain Boreas pipes them with might and main.
 game! How they swirl, purl, and twirl, Dancing all in a gid-dy whirl.
 done. Autumn strews shades profuse, Leafy carpet of Persian hues.

Autumn Song

FIFTHS

Abbie Farwell Brown

Horatio Parker

Composed for this Series



1. Trees are turn-ing one by one, Gol-den, red, and yel - low;
2. Days are short and nights are long, Evening winds are sigh - ing;
3. Gol - den - rod and as - ters shine, Fields are ripe for reap - ing;



Brigh-tly now the autumn sun Makes the col - ors mel - low.
 Birds have sung their parting song, To the South they're fly - ing.
 Pur-ple grapes and ap-ples fine Fill the bar-row heap - ing.

The Modest Violet

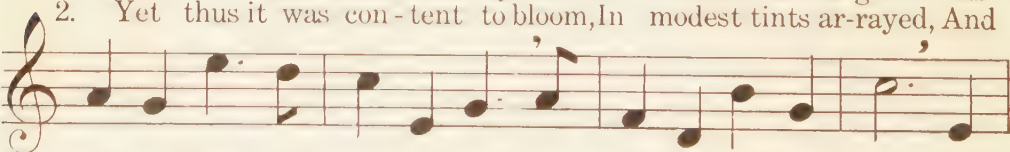
SIXTHS

Jane Taylor

John Hullah



1. Down in a green and sha - dy bed A modest vio-let grew. Its
2. Yet thus it was con - tent to bloom, In modest tints ar-rayed, And



stalk was bent, it hung its head As if to hide from view. And
 there dif-fused its sweet perfume With - in the si-lent shade. Then



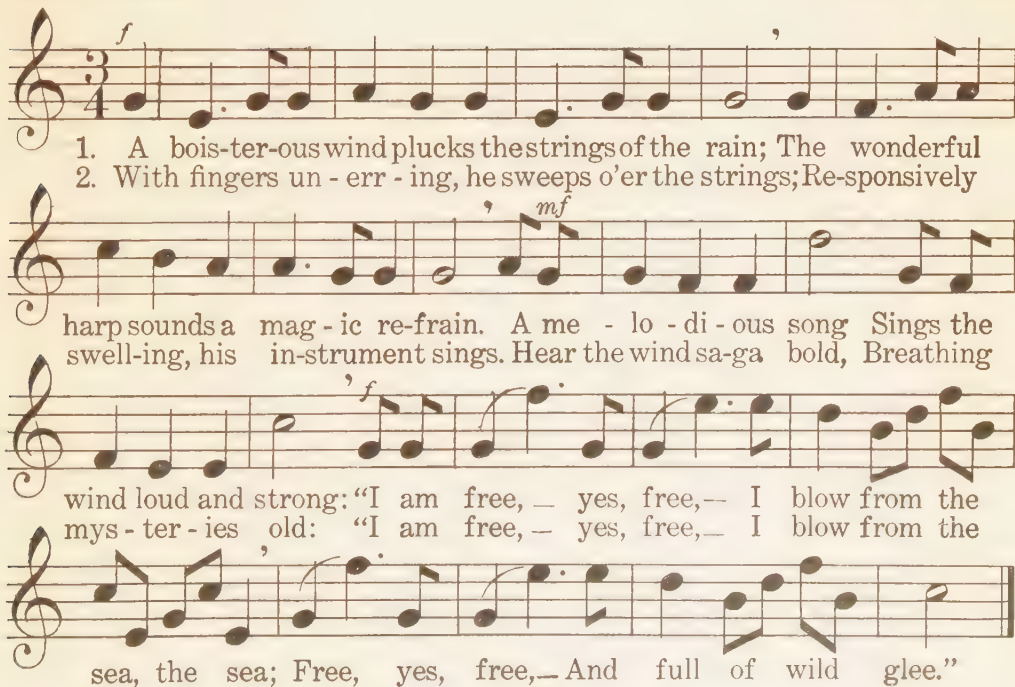
yet it was a lovely flower, its colors bright and fair; It
let me to the val-ley go, This pretty flower to see, That
might have grac'd a ro-sy bower In- stead of hi-ding there.
I may al - so learn to grow In sweet hu - mil - i - ty.

The Rain Harp

SEVENTHS

Nellie Poorman

Tyrolese Folk Song



1. A bois-ter-ous wind plucks the strings of the rain; The wonderful
2. With fingers un - err - ing, he sweeps o'er the strings; Re-sponsively
harp sounds a mag - ic re-frain. A me - lo - di - ous song Sings the
swell-ing, his in-stru-ment sings. Hear the wind sa-ga bold, Breathing
wind loud and strong: "I am free, — yes, free, — I blow from the
mys - ter - ies old: "I am free, — yes, free, — I blow from the
sea, the sea; Free, yes, free, — And full of wild glee."

Chapter IX: The Introduction of Two-Part Singing

The Musical Mouse

May Morgan

Adolf Weidig

Allegretto ♩ = 100

f

I dreamt when I was prac-ti-cing My ex-er-ci-ses

Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa,

o'er, A lit-tle mouse came creeping out, And danced upon the floor.

mi, re, Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa, mi, re,

do.

thought his taste was very strange, I'd never caper so, For such a tune as:

Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa, mi, re,

Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa, mi, re, do. —

slower *a tempo*

slower *a tempo*

Solitude

M. Louise Baum

Swabian Folk Song

1. A cot - tage by a mur-m'ring rill Call — I my
 2. There lin - gers, too, the sun - set light, Ro - sy and

own; It stands up-on a gras - sy hill, Si - lent and
 long; A nigh - tin-gale makes all the night Sweet with his

lone. The cool moss a car - pet weaves, Star - ry with
 song. The trav -'ler who comes that way Paus - es to

flow'rs, And elm shadows veil the eaves, Marking the hours.
 hear, And gives to the plain - tive lay Praise of a tear.

Honey Bees

TWO-PART ROUND

Nellie Poorman

J. J. Schaublin

Bees gath - er hon - ey, Pay - ing pol-len mon - ey.

The Cooper

Margaret Aliona Dole
From the German

Ernst Schmid



1. Oh, I'm the cooper bind-ing the cask; So hard the work I'm
2. Oh, I'm the cooper bind-ing the cask; I work with joy to
3. Oh, I'm the cooper bind-ing the cask; Each morning gay - ly



warm with the task. But quick-ly I place the hoops all around, But
fin - ish my task. And what if my back feel wea - ry and sore, And
star - ting my task. I'm fond of my work so sing all day long, I'm



quick - ly I place the hoops all around, And then with hammer
what if my back feel wea - ry and sore, I work still hard-er,
fond of my work so sing all day long, My hammer marks the



mer-ri - ly I pound, And then with hammer mer - ri - ly I pound.
bending all the more; I work still hard-er, bending all the more.
time of ev-'ry song, My hammer marks the time of ev-'ry song.

Birds in the Branches High

German Folk Song

1. Birds in the branches high Sing sweetest mel - o - dy,
 2. Now flow'rs in thousands bloom, Rich in their sweet perfume,
 3. Streams from the mountain high Onward flow peace - ful - ly, ,

Hid from our sight. List - 'ners from far and near
 Scen-ting the air. They with their col - ors bright
 Down to the vale. Stoop from the mos - sy side,

Gath - er their songs to hear, Filled with de - light.
 Give to the eye de - light, Spring-ing so fair.
 Drink while the wa - ters glide, On thro' the dale.

Morning Prayer

Genevieve Fox
 From the German

German Folk Song

1. Hap - py chil - dren greet the morning light,
 2. Fa - ther, teach us through the com-ing day

Sing - ing prais - es for its glo-ries bright.
 How to serve Thee in our work and play.

Planting the Bulbs

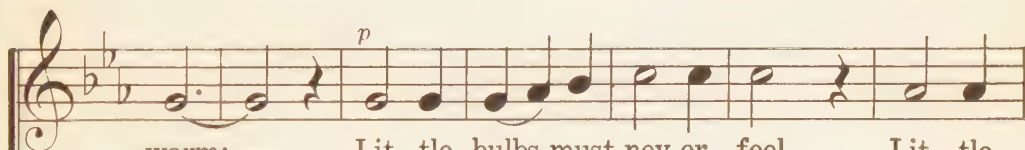
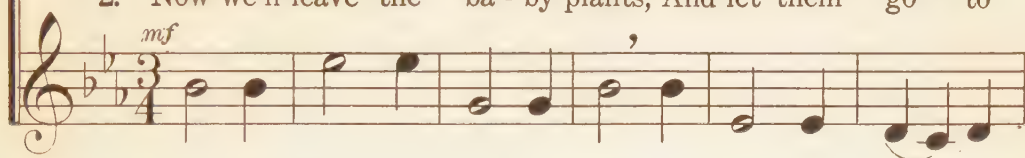
Minnie Leona Upton

Peter Christian Lutkin

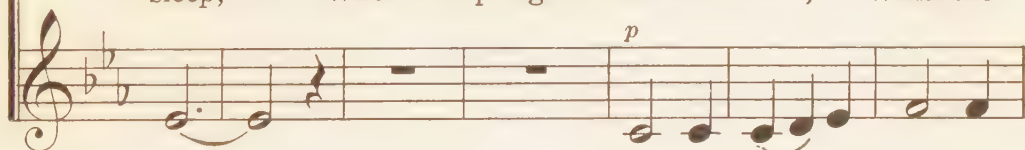
Composed for this Series



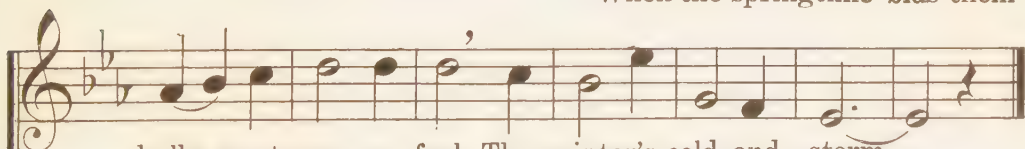
1. Tuck them in with soft brown earth, Un-til they're snug and
2. Now we'll leave the ba-by plants, And let them go to



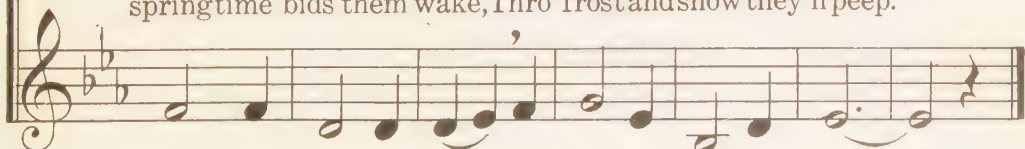
warm; — Lit-tle bulbs must nev-er feel, Lit-tle
sleep; — When the springtime bids them wake, When the



Lit-tle bulbs must nev-er
When the springtime bids them



bulbs must nev-er feel The winter's cold and storm. —
springtime bids them wake, Thro' frost and snow they'll peep.



feel The winter's cold, the winter's cold and storm. —
wake, Thro' frost and snow, thro' frost and snow they'll peep. —

Star Daisies

Frank Dempster Sherman

Carl Busch

Composed for this Series

p

1. At eve - ning when I go to bed, I
2. And of - ten while I'm dream - ing so, A -
3. For, when at morn - ing I a - rise, There's

see the stars shine o - ver-head; They are the lit - tle
cross the sky the moon will go; She is a la - dy,
not a star left in the skies; She's picked them all and

dai - sies white That dot the mea-dows of the night.
sweet and fair, Who comes to gath - er dai - sies there.
dropped them down In - to the mea-dows of the town.

The Goldenrod is Yellow*

Helen Hunt Jackson

K. L. Gläzer

The golden-rod is yel-low, The corn is turning brown, The
trees in ap - ple orchards With fruit are bending down.

* From "Poems," by Helen Hunt Jackson, copyright, 1892, by Roberts Brothers

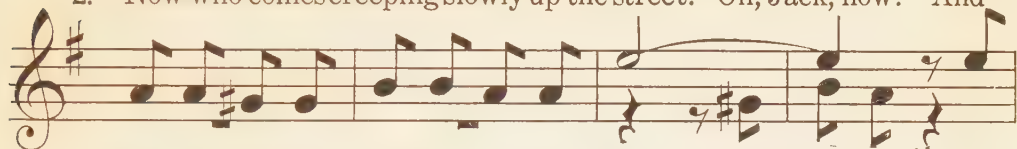
The Penny

Ann Underhill

Catharina van Rennes



1. Who clatters up the street so fine and grand? Why, Jack, Sir! And
 2. Now who comes creepings slowly up the street? Oh, Jack, now! And



what is that he carries in his hand? A sack, Sir! New
 what is dragging limp-ly at his feet? The sack, now! A



boots he will be buying, do you say? A many! And
 stick of can-dy he is chew-ing; Fie! The pen-ny? Has



how much mon-ey has he with him, pray? Oh! A
 Jack the boots that he went out to buy? No! Not



pen - ny, One penny, Just a pen - ny! —
 a - ny. Not a - ny. No, not a - ny! —

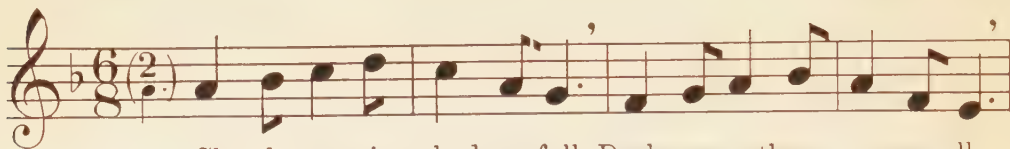
Chapter X: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; the Quarter and Eighth Note to a Beat

Slowly Creeping Shadows Fall

RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

Adolf Weidig



Slow-ly creeping shadows fall. Dark-ness gathers o-ver all.



Comes the night, All is still Un-der-neath the stars.

Little Lambs

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

Moritz Vogel



1. Lit-tle lambs, as white as snow, A-mong the meadow flow'rs,
2. Home they come at close of day, Like children tired of playing;



Browse and play and wander slow Thro' all the day's bright hours.
Shepherd shows the eas-y way And keeps his lambs from straying.

Winter Cheer

Nellie Poorman

French Folk Song

1. In the win - ter weath - er Chil - dren all are hap - py,
 2. While the winds are blow - ing Deep drifts round the windows,
 Gathered close to - geth - er, Round the co - zy fire.
 Pop-corn flakes are snow - ing By the cheer - y fire.

Merry Autumn

May Morgan

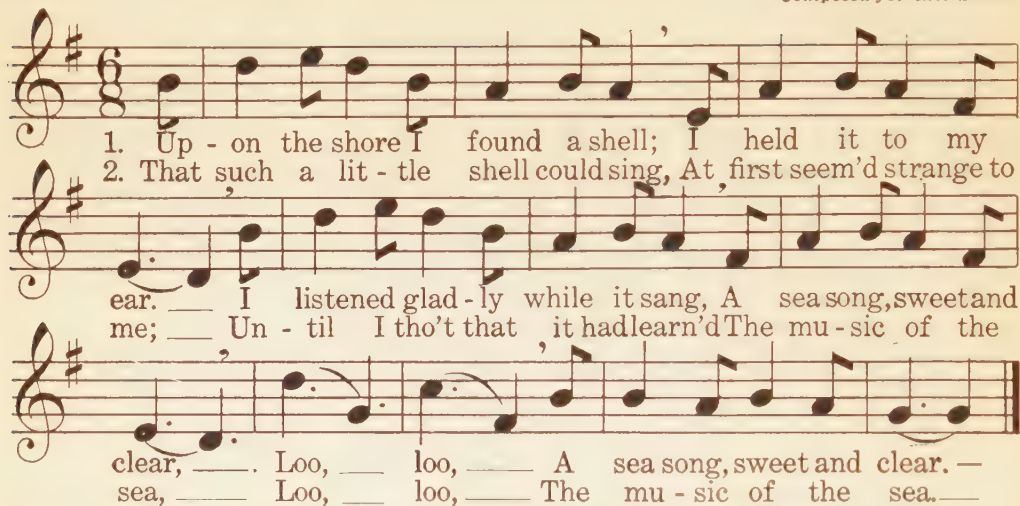
French Folk Song

mf
 Autumn is a mer-ry fel-low, Wear-ing rus-set clothes.
 When his cloak of red and yel-low On the ground he throws,
 All the fruits grow ripe and mel-low; Ev - 'ry emp - ty
 barn o'er-flows — With the grain that he garners as he goes.

The Shell

Rebecca B. Foresman

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

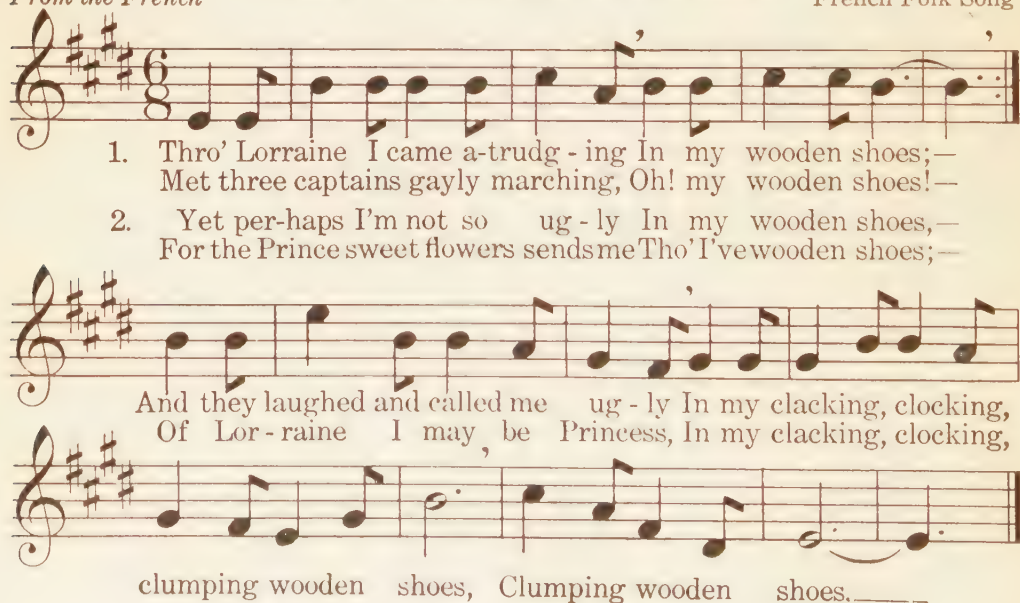


1. Up - on the shore I found a shell; I held it to my
 2. That such a lit - tle shell could sing, At first seem'd strange to
 ear. I listened glad - ly while it sang, A sea song, sweet and
 me; Un - til I tho't that it had learn'd The mu - sic of the
 clear, Loo, loo, A sea song, sweet and clear. —
 sea, Loo, loo, The mu - sic of the sea. —

Genevieve Fox
From the French

Going Through Lorraine

French Folk Song



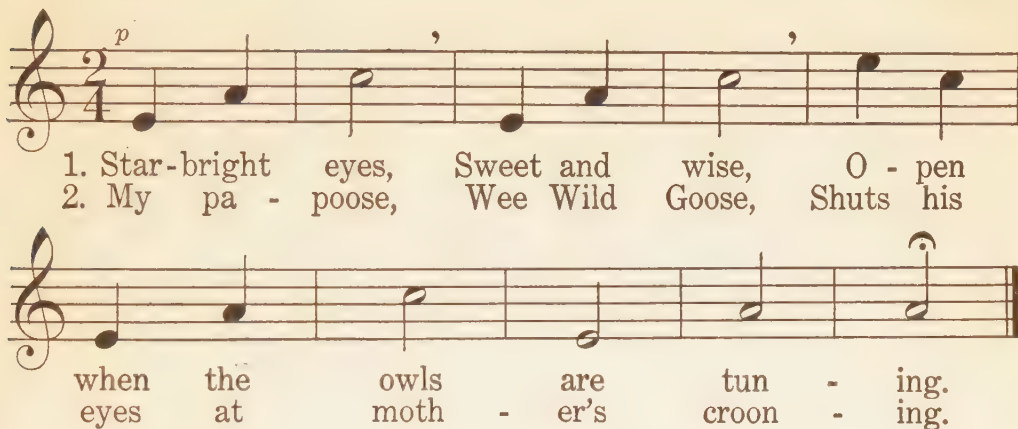
1. Thro' Lorraine I came a-trudg - ing In my wooden shoes; —
 Met three captains gayly marching, Oh! my wooden shoes! —
 2. Yet per-haps I'm not so ug - ly In my wooden shoes, —
 For the Prince sweet flowers sends me Tho' I've wooden shoes; —
 And they laughed and called me ug - ly In my clacking, clocking,
 Of Lor - raine I may be Princess, In my clacking, clocking,
 clumping wooden shoes, Clumping wooden shoes. —

Chapter XI: Melodies in the Harmonic Minor Scale

Cherokee Cradle Song

M. Louise Baum

Cherokee Air



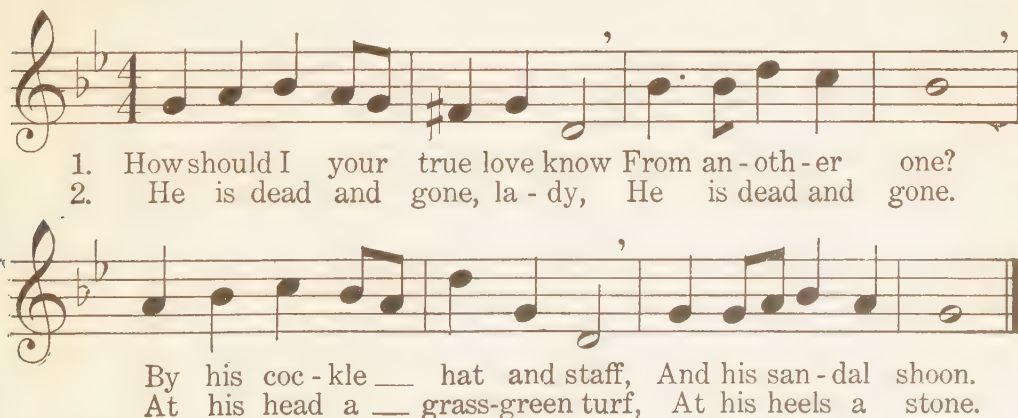
1. Star-bright eyes, Sweet and wise, O - pen
 2. My pa - poose, Wee Wild Goose, Shuts his

when the owls are tun - ing.
 eyes at moth - er's croon - ing.

How Should I Your True Love Know

William Shakespeare
 From *Hamlet*

Old English Song



1. How should I your true love know From an - oth - er one?
 2. He is dead and gone, la - dy, He is dead and gone.

By his coc - kle — hat and staff, And his san - dal shoon.
 At his head a — grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

The Little Tree

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

Ernst Schmid

p *mf*

1. Lit-tle tree, you sad-den me! Withered, old, in the cold,
2. Lit-tle tree, be glad in-stead! With its snows win-ter goes;
Thin-ly clad you seem to be. Leaves so frail, from the gale,
Spring will show you are not dead. She will make life a-wake,
p
Rustling, flutt'ring, wildly flee. How you shiv-er, lit-tle tree!
Bring new leaves and blossoms red, Lit-tle tree, with drooping head!

In the Sleigh

Seymour Barnard
From the French

Swedish Folk Song

mf *p* *f a tempo*

1. Hip, hoo-ray! A snug sleigh, And cold be the day!
2. Ear-ly, late, we skate, skate, All ice is the bay!
Fingers wring and arms swing To drive frost a - way; In the
When were feet so fleet, fleet, And when lads so gay? In the
cold Nor-way! Hie, Jack Frost, can you beat a sleigh?
cold Nor-way! Hie, Jack Frost, you are miles a - way!

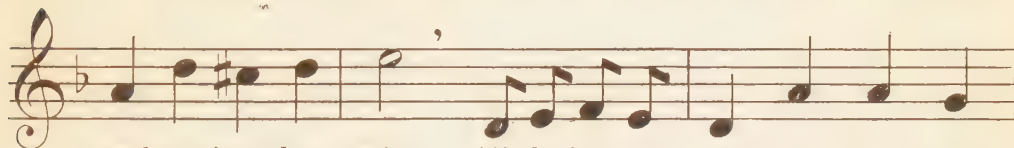
The Tambourines

Frederick C. Martens
From the French

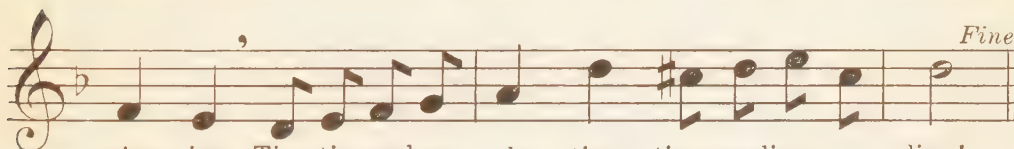
Jean Philippe Rameau



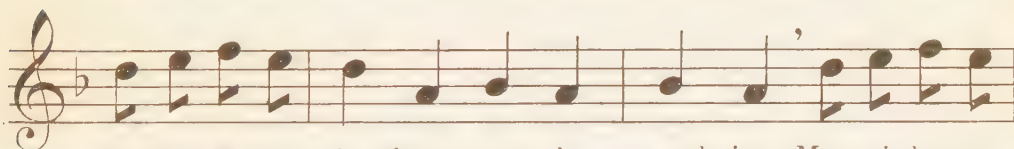
Mer-ri-ly the Gyp - sy girls are sing - ing, Mer-ri-ly the
Mer-ri-ly they rove, the high-way tak - ing, Mer-ri-ly like



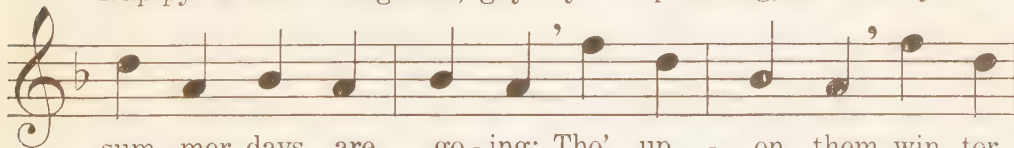
tam-bou-rines they swing; All the lit-tle tin-king bells a -
pas-sage birds a - wing; Singing as the tam - bou - rines they're



ring - ing, Tin - tin - nab - u - la - ting, ting - a - ling - a - ling!
shak - ing, Sil - ver bells a - tin - kling, ting - a - ling - a - ling!



Hap-py is their laugh-ter, gay - ly peal - ing, Mer-ri-ly as



sum - mer days are go - ing; Tho' up - on them win - ter

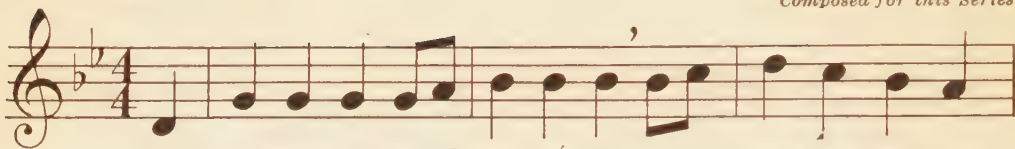


steal - ing Come with threat of chill winds blow - ing,

Jack Frost

Gabriel Setoun

Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series



The door was shut, as _doors should be, Be - fore you went to
And now you can-not _ see the hills Nor fields that stretch be-



bed last night; Yet Jack Frost has got _ in, you see, And
yond the lane; But there are fair - er _ things than these His



left your window sil - ver white. He _ must have wait - ed
fingers traced on ev - 'ry pane.



till you slept, And not a sin - gle word he spoke, But

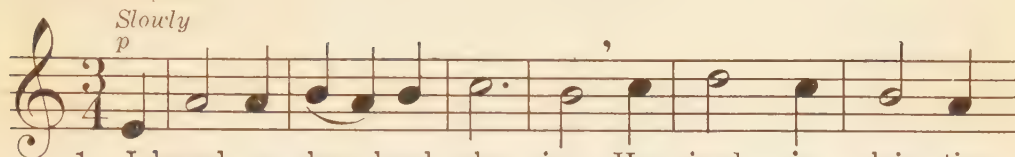


pencilled o'er the panes and crept A - way again be-fore you woke.

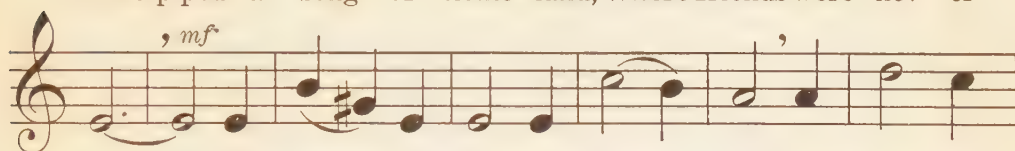
The Old Shepherd

M. Louise Baum
From the German

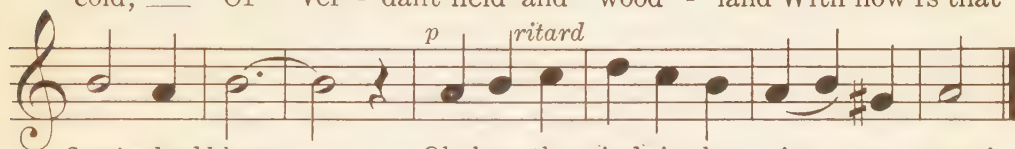
Swiss Folk Song



1. I heard a shep-herd play-ing, He piped in plain-tive
2. He piped a song of home-land, Where friends were nev-er



tone; — His thoughts a-far were stray-ing Where fair-er
cold; — Of ver-dant field and wood-land With flow'rs that

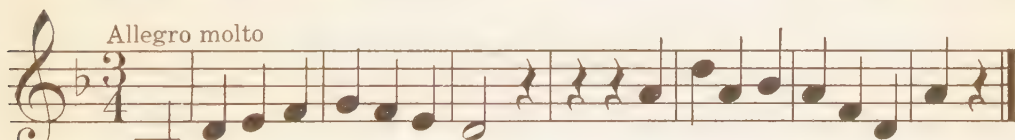


flow'rs had blown. — Oh, how the winds in the pine tree moan!
star the mold. — Summer is dead and the year is old.

Themes

1. From *The Fourth Symphony*

Robert Schumann



2. From *The A Major Symphony*

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy



Chapter XII: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; Three Eighth Notes to a Beat

Snow, Beautiful Snow

RHYTHM STUDY

Sylvia Child

George L. Wright

Musical notation for the song 'Snow, Beautiful Snow'. It consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a '(2)' in parentheses, indicating two measures. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'Snow, beau-ti-ful snow! White, feath-er-y snow! Rollicking days, Frolicking ways; Come, beau-ti-ful snow!'.

Snow, beau-ti-ful snow! White, feath-er-y snow!

Rollicking days, Frolicking ways; Come, beau-ti-ful snow!

Sleep, Little Child

Nancy Byrd Turner
From the Italian

Italian Folk Song

Musical notation for the song 'Sleep, Little Child'. It consists of three staves in B-flat major (two flats) and 6/8 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'Sleep, lit - tle child, in this night - time Made for your mother and you, dear. Put by the joys of the light - time, Dusk, now, and qui - et, and dew, dear.'.

Sleep, lit - tle child, in this night - time

Made for your mother and you, dear. Put by the joys of the

light - time, Dusk, now, and qui - et, and dew, dear.

Dreams be your pillow, your cov - er, Close to you an-gels will
 hov - er. Sound be your sleep till the morn - ing
 O - ver the blue hills is dawn - ing. Rest, lit - tle hands, lit-tle
 feet, dear; Sure - ly the dark-ness is sweet, dear.

The Sleigh Ride

Margaret Aliona Dole

Canadian Folk Song

1. O - ver the snow we fly, Swift as the swal - low's wing. Sparkling the fields go by, Gayly our sleigh-bells ring.
 2. Smoothly our run - ners glide; Hap-py as birds are we. Bil-low-y hills we ride, O-ver a broad white sea.

Ring-a-ting Ting

S. M. Rodgers

A. L. Abel



1. Ring-a-ting, ting! Soon will come spring! Bringing new life and joy,
2. But-ter-flies gay, Each sum-mer day, Mak - ing a round of mirth,



Ring - a - ting, ting! Bright sun - ny hours, Sweet gen - tle showers,
Glad - some will play. Chil - dren re - joice, Raise your glad voice;



Call - ing to life a - gain Laps full of flow'rs. Ring-a-ting, ting!
Spring is so beau - ti - ful, Chil-dren re - joice! Ring-a-ting, ting!



Ring-a-ting, ting! Ring-a-ting, ring-a-ting, ting! Ring-a-ting, ting!

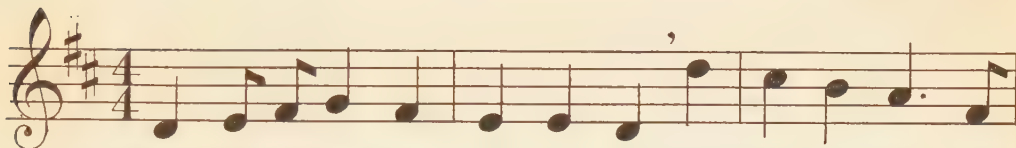


Ring - a - ting, ting! Ring - a - ting, ring - a - ting, ting!

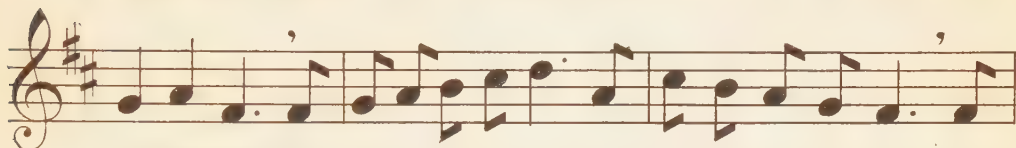
Chapter XIII: Simple Song Forms

Now, Robin, Lend to Me thy Bow

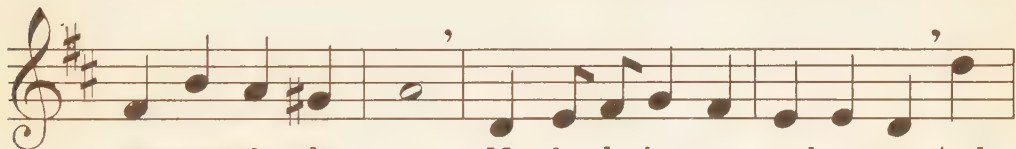
Old English Ballad



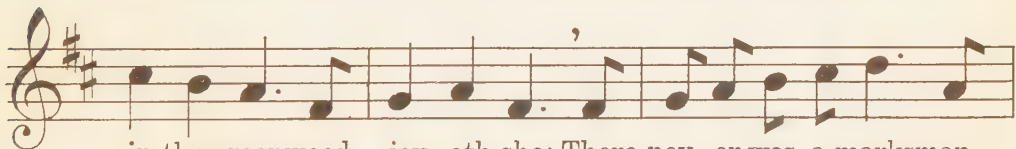
1. Now, Rob-in, lend to me thy bow; Sweet Rob-in, lend to
2. Her mas-ter in the archer's craft, A lit-tle wing-ed



me thy bow; For I must now a-hun-ting with my la-dy go, With
boy is he. And winged, too, the hart must be that'scapes the shaft Of



my sweet la-dy go. My la-dy is an archer rare, And
my be-lov'd la-dy. He teaches many a maid his art, And



in the greenwood joy-eth she; There nev-er was a marksman
nev-er asks for gift or fee; But none that e'er took aim with



yet who could com-pare In skill with my la-dy.
Cupid's pierc-ing dart Could match with my la-dy.

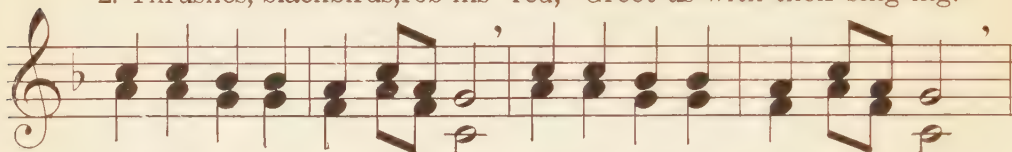
The Birds' Return

George Jay Smith
From the German

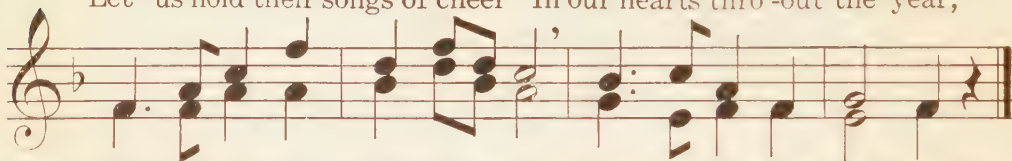
German Folk Song



1. All the birds will come a - gain, Bringing with them glad-ness;
2. Thrushes, blackbirds, rob-ins red, Greet us with their sing-ing.



How they twitter, whis-tle, sing, Piping, trill-ing, chat-ter-ing;
Let us hold their songs of cheer In our hearts thro'-out the year;



Hail with joy the hap-py spring! Such me-lo-dious mad-ness!
And, when fields are dead and sear, Keep their songs still ring-ing.

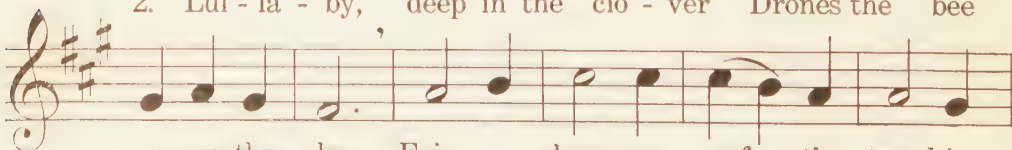
A Basque Lullaby

Florence Hoare

Basque Air



1. Lul - la - by, twi-light is spread-ing Sil-ver wings
2. Lul - la - by, deep in the clo-ver Drones the bee



o-ver the sky; Fair - y elves are sof - tly tread-ing,
sof-tly to rest; Close white lids your dear eyes o - ver,

Fold - ing buds as they pass by. Lul - la - by,
Moth - er's arms shall be your nest. Lul - la - by,
whis - per and sigh; Lul - la - by, lul - la - by

The Skylark

James Hogg

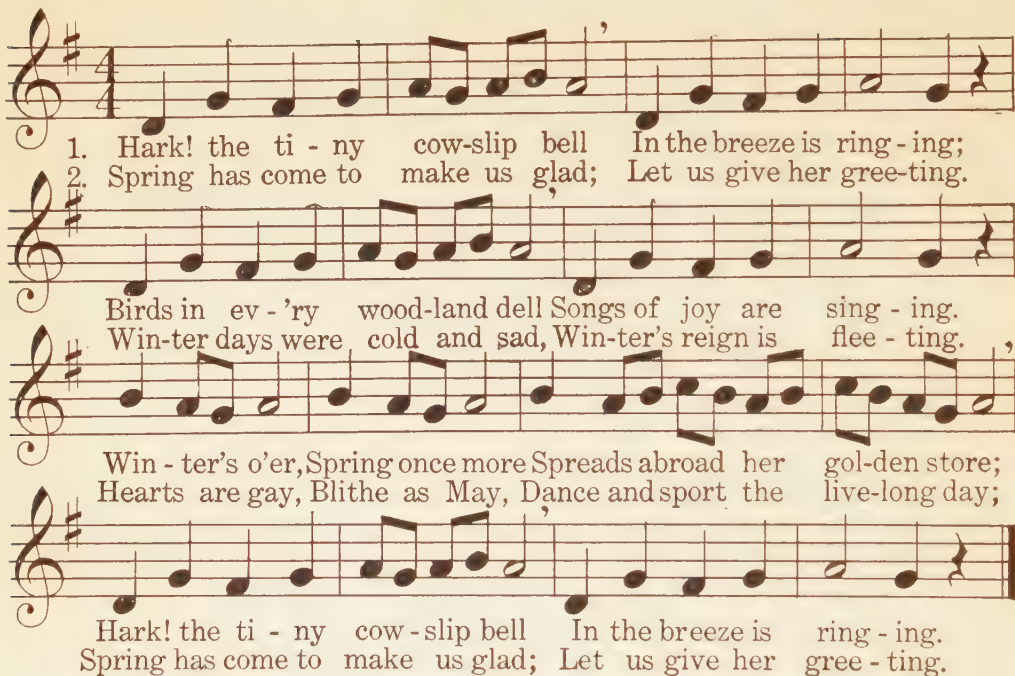
Swedish Folk Song

1. Bird of the wil - der - ness, Blithesome and cum - ber - less,
2. Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the down - y cloud;
Sweet be thy ma - tin o'er moor - land and lea!
Love gives it en - er - gy, love gave it birth!
Emblem of hap - pi - ness, Blest is thy dwell - ing place;
Where, on thy dew - y wing, Where art thou jour - ney - ing?
Oh, to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!
Thy lay's in heav - en, thy love is on earth.

A Song for Spring

Thomas Phillipson

English Folk Song



1. Hark! the ti - ny cow-slip bell In the breeze is ring - ing;
 2. Spring has come to make us glad; Let us give her gree-ting.

Birds in ev - 'ry wood-land dell Songs of joy are sing - ing.
 Win-ter days were cold and sad, Win-ter's reign is flee - ting.

Win - ter's o'er, Spring once more Spreads abroad her gol-den store;
 Hearts are gay, Blithe as May, Dance and sport the live-long day;

Hark! the ti - ny cow-slip bell In the breeze is ring - ing.
 Spring has come to make us glad; Let us give her gree-ting.

Wandering

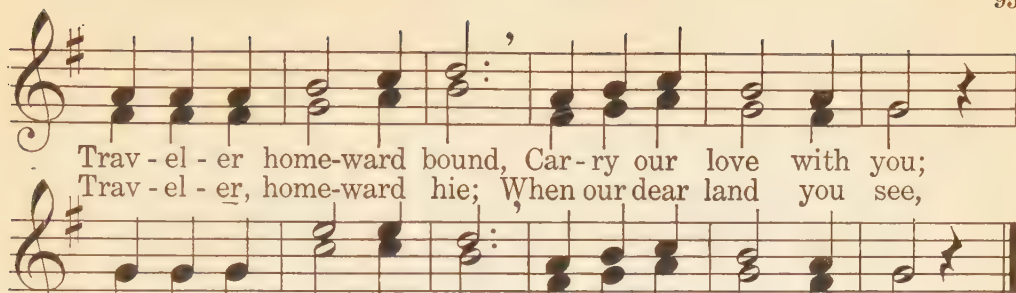
Seymour Barnard

Canadian Folk Song



1. Wan-der-ing far a - way, Far from our na - tive land;
 2. Friend-less and lone we roam, Cold is the glance we meet;

With each suc - ceed - ing day, Further our dis - tant strand.
 Ah, for the van-ished home! Ah, for our land so sweet!

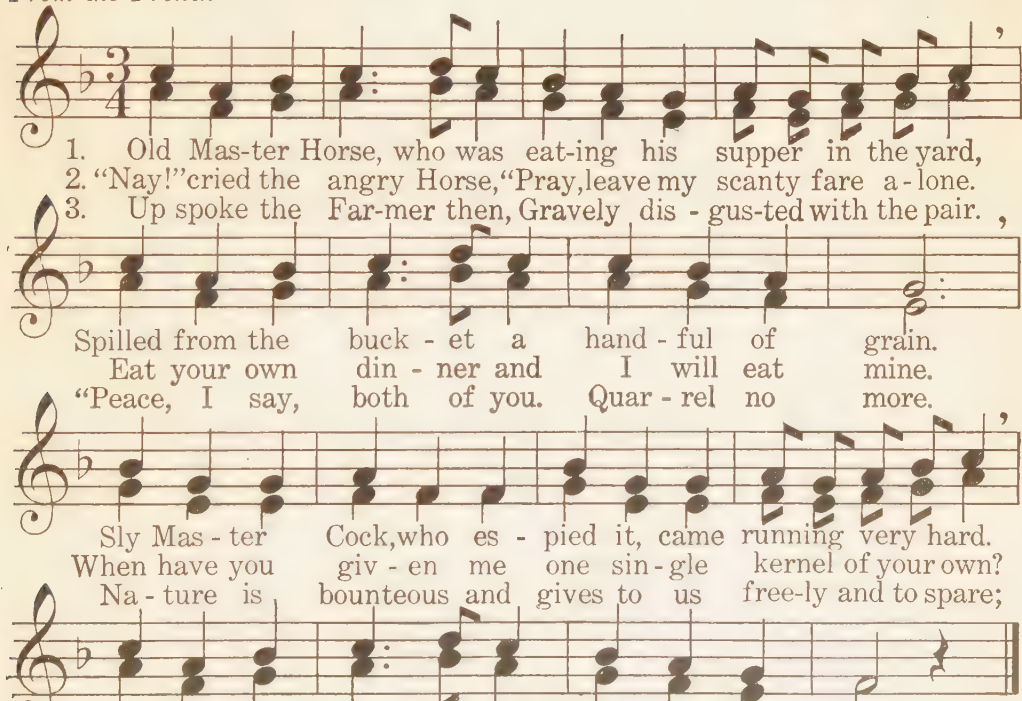


Trav - el - er home - ward bound, Car - ry our love with you;
 Trav - el - er, home - ward hie; When our dear land you see,
 Say to the friends a - round We to our land are true.
 Say, tho' we dis - tant die, Faithful to home are we.

Horse and Cock

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

French Folk Song



1. Old Mas - ter Horse, who was eat - ing his supper in the yard,
 2. "Nay!" cried the angry Horse, "Pray, leave my scanty fare a - lone.
 3. Up spoke the Far - mer then, Gravely dis - gus - ted with the pair. ,
 Spilled from the buck - et a hand - ful of grain.
 Eat your own din - ner and I will eat mine.
 "Peace, I say, both of you. Quar - rel no more.
 Sly Mas - ter Cock, who es - pied it, came running very hard.
 When have you giv - en me one sin - gle kernel of your own?
 Na - ture is bounteous and gives to us free - ly and to spare;
 "Do it a - gain!" he crowed. "Do it a - gain!"
 When did you ev - er in - vite me to dine?"
 All must be gen - er - ous out of her store."

Patriot's Song

Ethel B. Howard
From the *German*

Franz Lachner



1. Sing for our na - tive land! Let us, her peo - ple, stand
2. World-wide, in ev - 'ry zone, Well is her ban-ner known,



Joined in a val - iant band, Voi - ing thankful praise.
Yet not for might a - lone Love we most our land.



Strong arms her fields to reap, Brave hearts her homes to keep,
Hon - or, un - stained and bright, Free - dom, a ho - ly light,



Full life and cour-age deep, May God grant al - ways.
Strong ar - dor for the right; These our love com - mand.

Theme

From *The Fifth Symphony*

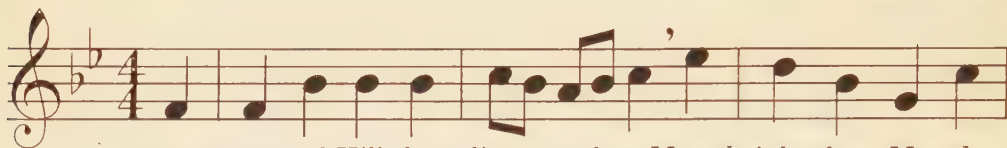
Peter I. Tchaikowsky



The Lass of Richmond Hill

Leonard MacNally

James Hook



1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass More bright than May-day
2. Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the
3. How hap-py will the shepherd be Who calls this nymph his



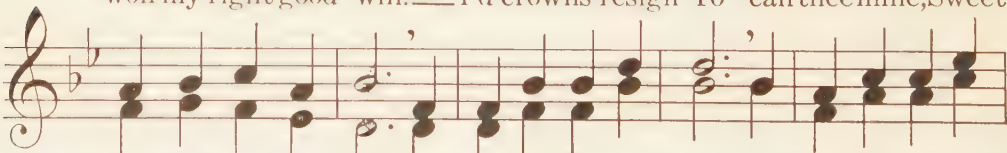
morn, — Whose charms all oth - er maids sur - pass, A
grove, — Oh, whis - per to my charm-ing fair, "I'd
own! — Oh, may her choice be fixed on me! Mine's



rose with-out a thorn.
die for her I love." } This lass so neat, With smilessosweet, Has
fix'd on her a - lone.



won my right good will. — I'd crowns resign To call thee mine, Sweet



lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richm'd

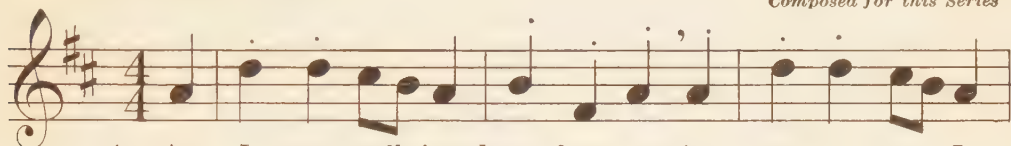


Hill; I'd crowns resign To call the mine, Sweet lass of Richm'd Hill.

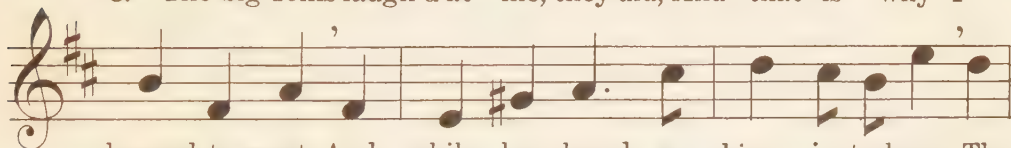
An Adventure

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

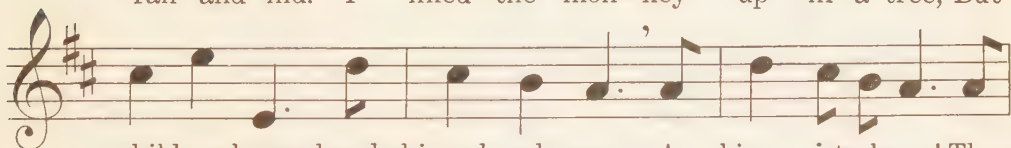
Adolf Weidig
Composed for this Series



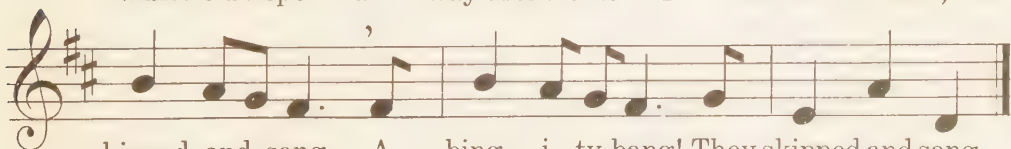
1. As I went walk-ing down the street An or-gan man I
2. The mon-key wore up - on his head Quite jaun-ti - ly a
3. The big folks laugh'd at me, they did, And that is why I



chanced to meet, And while he played, a - bing - i - ty-bang, The
cap of red. 'Twas fun to see him climb up a tree, But
ran and hid. I liked the mon - key up in a tree, But



children hopped and skipped and sang. A - bing - i - ty-bang! They
when he held that cap to me, It spoiled all the play; I
wish he'd kept a - way from me. I had not a cent; A -



skipped and sang. A - bing - i - ty-bang! They skipped and sang.
ran a - way. It spoiled all the play; I ran a - way.
way I went. I had not a cent; A - way I went!

The Cavalier

Sir Walter Scott

English Folk Song

1. While the dawn on the mountain was mis - ty and gray, My
 2. He has doff'd the silk doub-let, the breastplate to bear; Has
 true love has moun - ted his steed, and a - way, O - ver
 placed the steel cap o'er his long, flow - ing hair; From his
 hill, o - ver val - ley, o'er dale and o'er down; Heav'n
 belt to his stir - rup his broadsword hangs down; Heav'n
 shield the brave Gal - lant that fights for the Crown!

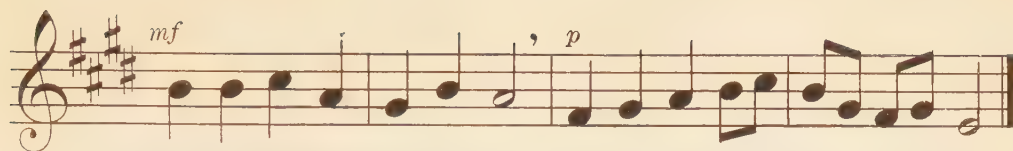
A Prayer for Little Children

Edith C. Rice

E. R. Kroeger

Composed for this Series

Help us, Lord, to be to-day Ve-ry kind in — all our play.
 Make us helpful, make us strong; Show us what is right or wrong.



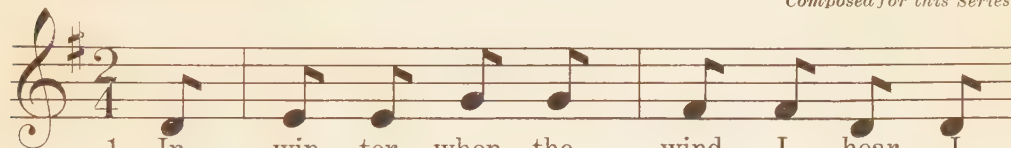
Hear us while we pray to Thee That good children we may be.

The Four Winds

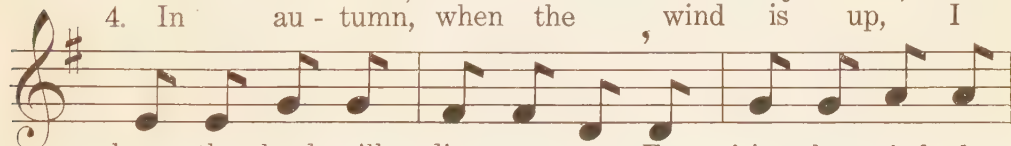
Frank Dempster Sherman

Adam Geibel

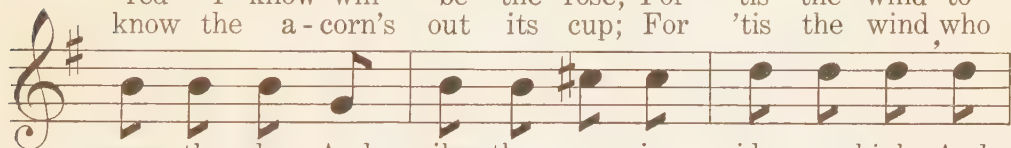
Composed for this Series



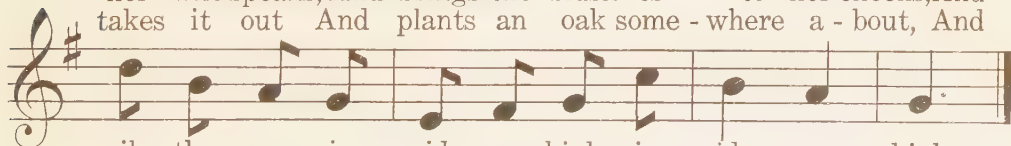
1. In win - ter, when the wind I hear, I
2. In spring, when stirs the wind, I know That
3. In sum - mer, when it sof - tly blows, Soon
4. In au - tumn, when the , wind is up, I



know the clouds will dis - ap - pear; For 'tis the wind who
soon the cro - cus buds will show; For 'tis the wind who
red I know will be the rose; For 'tis the wind to
know the a - corn's out its cup; For 'tis the wind who



sweeps the sky And piles the snow in ridg - es high, And
bids them wake And in - to pret - ty blos - soms break, And
her who speaks, And brings the blush - es to her cheeks, And
takes it out And plants an oak some - where a - bout, And



piles the snow in ridg - es high, in ridg - es high.
in - to pret - ty blos - soms, pret - ty blos - soms break.
brings the blush - es, brings the blush - es to her cheeks.
plants an oak some - where a - bout, some - where a - bout.

Pop Corn Song

Sophia T. Newman

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



In they drop with a click, clack, click, Kernels so hard and



yel - low; Round they whirl with a hop, skip, hop,



Up they leap, with a
Each lit - tle danc - ing fel - low. Snap! crack!



snap! crack! snap!
crack! snap! Toss - ing so light and air - y;



a tempo
Out they pour with a soft, swift rush, Snowballs fit for a fair - y!

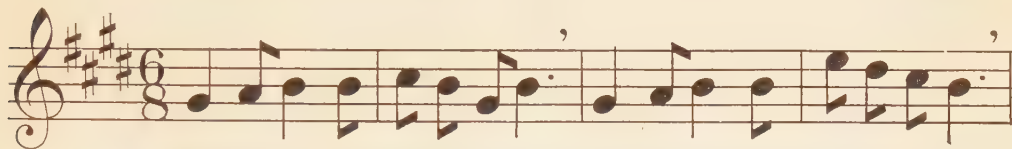
Chapter XV: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; More Advanced Studies

See the Moon

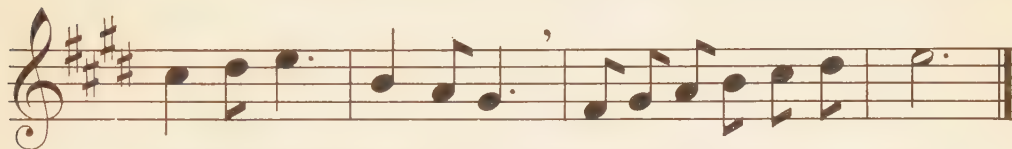
RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

Fr. H. Mayer



See the moon, a beautiful boat, Sail the clouds and merrily float.



Now it seems stored with dreams; Beautiful, beautiful boat!

Themes

1. From *The Sixth (Pastoral) Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven



2. From *Das Rheingold*

Richard Wagner



The Merry-go-round

Florence C. Fox

Edward Elgar

Composed for this Series

Allegretto ♩ = 96 *mf*

1. "Come ride, come ride," The
2. "My bars are long, My

p

wind-mill cried, "This mer-ry-go-round is free; Come
bolts are strong, As round and a-round we go! We

rit. *a tempo*

breez-es all, Both great and small, Oh, come and ride with
ride, we ride," The wind-mill cried, "As long as winds shall

rit. *a tempo*



me!
blow!"

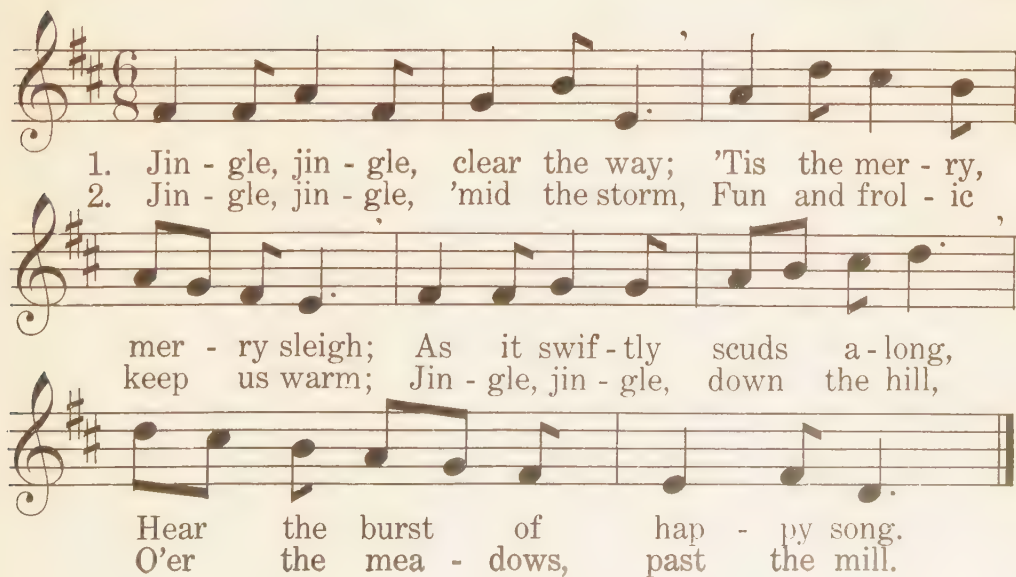
mf

Red *

Sleigh Song

G. W. Pettee

George B. Nevin
Composed for this Series



1. Jin - gle, jin - gle, clear the way; 'Tis the mer - ry,
2. Jin - gle, jin - gle, 'mid the storm, Fun and frolic ,

mer - ry sleigh; As it swif - tly scuds a - long,
keep us warm; Jin - gle, jin - gle, down the hill,

Hear the burst of hap - py song.
O'er the mea - dows, past the mill.

The Fishing Boat

Mary Howitt

Felix Borowski
Composed for this Series

mf

1. (Going out) Brisk-ly blows the evening gale, Fresh and free it
2. (Coming in) Brisk-ly blows the morning breeze, Fresh and strong it

blows; Bless - ings on — the fish - ing boat, How
blows; Bless - ings on — the fish - ing boat, How

stead-i - ly on she goes, How stead-i - ly on she goes!
stead-i - ly on she goes, How stead-i - ly on she goes!

Follow the Plow with Me

Old English Song

1. As I was plowing my fa-ther's field A - cross the hill came
2. 'Twas up the fur-row and down the next, Com-pan-ion sweet tripp'd

Mar - jo - rie. The far-mer's eld - est son was I, The
Mar - jo - rie. I plowed the field with might and main; Could

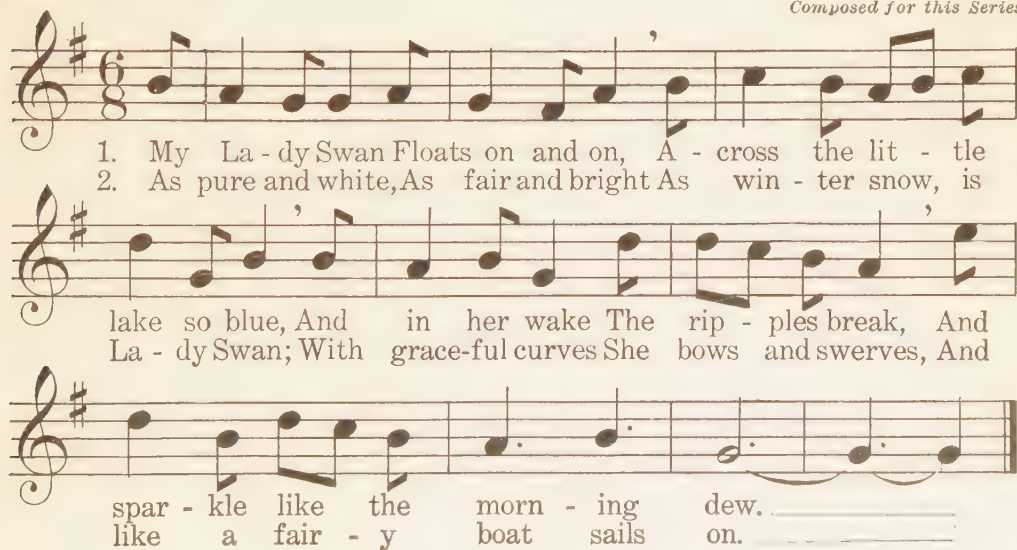


mill - er's daughter she. ——— She gree - ted me kind - ly as
 la - bor ligh - ter be? ——— But sweetest she look'd in the
 home she hied; I pray'd she would linger and walk by my side. "Come
 sun - set red, Her lit - tle white hand on my good horse's head. "Stay
 back, come back, come back," I cried, "And follow the plow with me."
 al - ways here, my dear," I said, "And follow the plow with me."

My Lady Swan

Minnie L. Upton

Mary Turner Salter
Composed for this Series

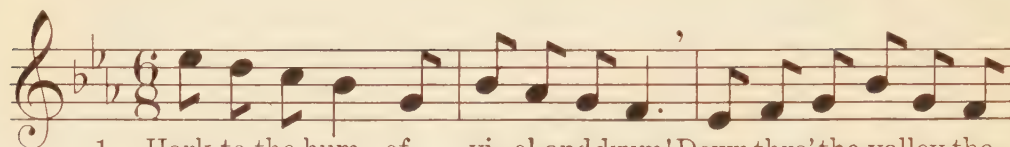


1. My La - dy Swan Floats on and on, A - cross the lit - tle
 2. As pure and white, As fair and bright As win - ter snow, is
 lake so blue, And in her wake The rip - ples break, And
 La - dy Swan; With grace - ful curves She bows and swerves, And
 spar - kle like the morn - ing dew. ———
 like a fair - y boat sails on. ———

Harvest Home

Mary Root Kern

Mary Root Kern



1. Hark to the hum of vi-ol and drum! Down thro' the valley the
 2. Barns full of store from hayloft to floor Tell of the blessing our



harvesters come. Ox - en strain the tow - er - ing wain
 la - bors bore; Riches of health to joy in the wealth



Full to o'er-flowing for Har - vest Home. Voic-es we raise in
 Nature has lavish'd for Har - vest Home. Voic-es we raise in



songs of praise And hymns of thanksgiving for Harvest Home.
 songs of praise And hymns of thanksgiving for Harvest Home.

Theme

From *Siegfried*

Richard Wagner



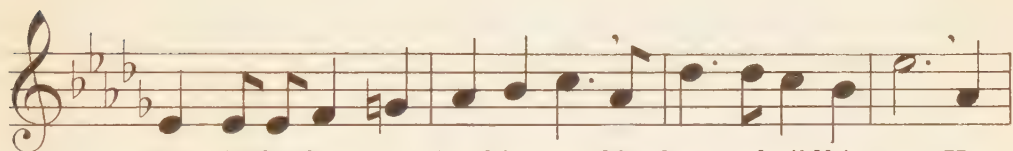
Master Robin

Zitella Cocke

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series



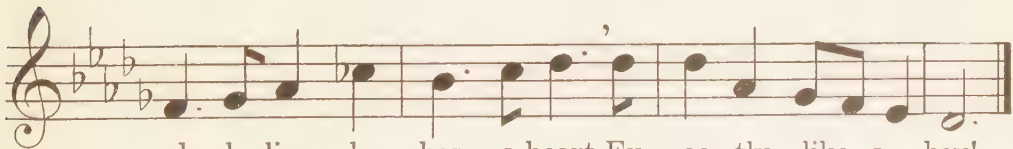
1. Of all the birds who come with spring, I love dear Robin best.
2. He's not a cow-ard, no, not he; He nev-er takes a dare,
3. He steps quite like a dan-dy gay When out on dress pa-rade,



He is the first to sing his song, The first to build his nest. He
But if there's a-ny fun around, He's sure to take his share. Be-
And tho' Jack Frost is watching him, He's not a bit a-fraid. But



greet you, too, as you pass by With such a note of joy, I
sides, he is a gen-tle-man, Who's always nicely dressed In
in - de-pen-dent as you please, He heeds no-bo-dy's call, And



do be-lieve he has a heart Ex - ac - tly like a boy!
quite a sty - lish swal-low-tail And ve - ry hand-some vest.
sings just when he has a mind, In springtime or in fall.

Peaceful Night

M. Louise Baum
From the German

August Bungert



1. From hills of rest de - scend - ing Now comes the peace-ful
2. The cra-dle goes a - sway - ing, The night moths are a -



night. With one last bird song blend - ing, My lul - la - by flows
wing, And God's own hand is lay - ing His peace on ev - 'ry -



light. Play-things at last in qui - et — lie, Where
thing. An - gels who love my lit - tle — child Their



dus - ky shadows creep. Good night, — good night, good night, my
watch o'er him will keep. Good night, — good night, good night, my



child, and hap - py sleep, Hap - py sleep.
child, and hap - py sleep, Hap - py sleep.

Farewell

German Folk Song

1. Fare - well, — fare - well, — and peace — be
 2. Fare - well, — fare - well, — but not — for -
 3. Fare - well, — fare - well, — Oh! sof - tly

with you; Peace, that gen - tlest par - ting
 ev - er; Hope can see the morn - ing
 breathe it; 'Tis — a pray'r for those we

strain. Soft it falls like dew — on
 rise; Ma - ny pleas - ant scenes — be
 love; Peace to - night, and joy — to

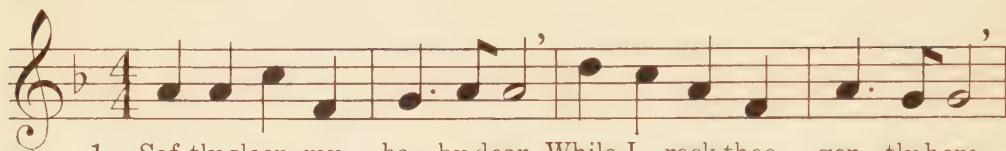
blos - oms, Cher - ish - ing — with - in our
 fore us, As — if an - gels hov - ered
 mor - row, For — our God, — who shields the

bos - oms Kind de - sires to meet a - gain.
 o'er us, Bear - ing bless - ings from the skies.
 spar - row, Hears us in — His courts a - bove.

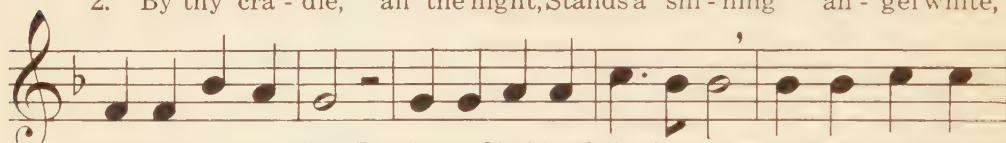
Slumber Song

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

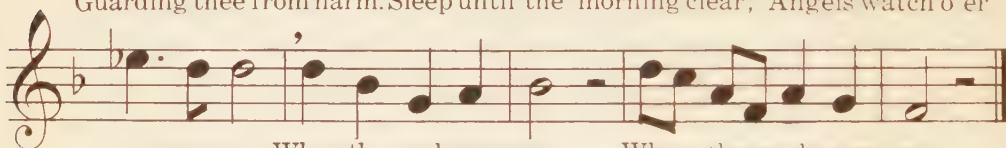
Julius Hey



1. Sof-tly sleep, my ba-by dear, While I rock thee gen-tly here,
2. By thy cra-dle, all the night, Stands a shi-ning an-gel white,



Swinging to and fro; Flow'rs and babies fall asleep, Dreams from dreamland
Guarding thee from harm. Sleep until the morning clear; Angels watch o'er



nearer creep, When the sunbeams go, When the sunbeams go.
babies dear, Safe in mother's arms, Safe in mother's arms.

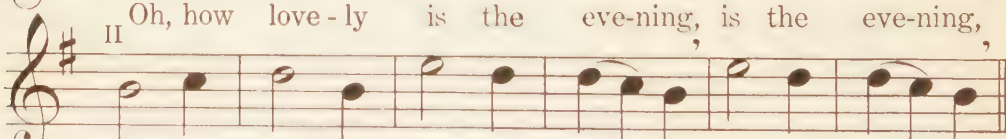
Lovely Evening

THREE-PART ROUND

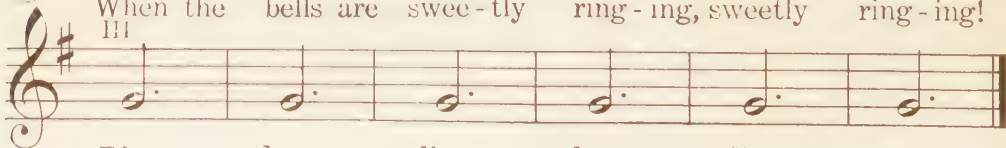
C. Schulz



Oh, how love-ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning,



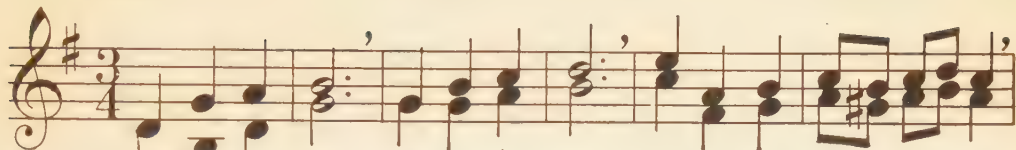
When the bells are swee-tly ring-ing, sweetly ring-ing!



Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!

Birds in the Grove

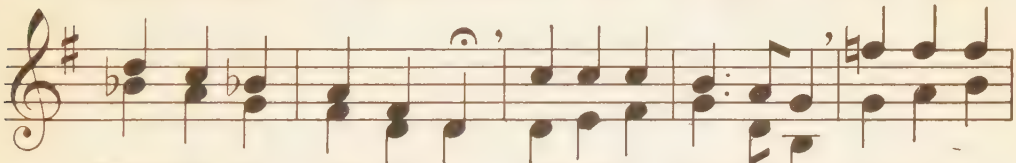
A. J. Foxwell



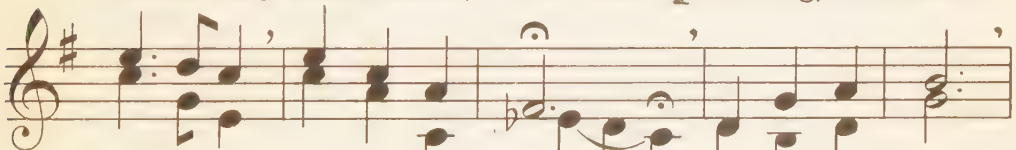
1. Birds in the grove, Birds in the grove, Flutter from tree to tree,
2. Fish in the stream, Fish in the stream, Glide thro' the sil - ver flood



Warbling wild mel - o - dy, Then up-ward soar a - way,
While clouds a - bove them scud. Tho' in the riv - er pent,



Gree-ting the orb of day; Life ev-er gladdening, Care nev-er
Yet are they there content; Life ev-er gladdening, Care nev-er



saddening, Birds in the grove, — Birds in the grove,
saddening, Fish in the stream, — Fish in the stream,



Birds in the grove, Birds in the grove, — Birds in the grove.
Fish in the stream, Fish in the stream, — Fish in the stream.

Farewell to the Woods

Nellie Poorman

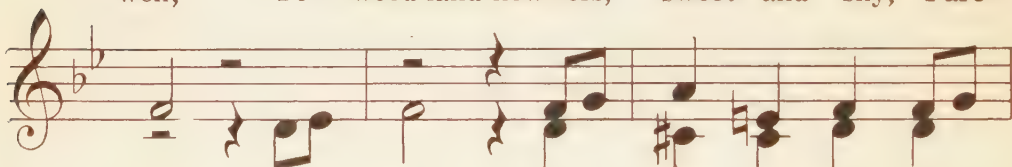
H. Esser



1. Fare - well to thee, dear for - est home, Fare - well, fare -
 2. Ye — fragrant pines that tow'r so high, Fare - well, fare -



well; Hence - forth in dis - tant lands I roam, Fare -
 well; Ye wood - land flow - ers, sweet and shy, Fare -



well, fare - well. I'll ne'er for - get thy
 well, fare - well. Wild for - est crea - tures,



sha - dy ways, Thy sheltered nooks, thy leaf - y maze; Each
 glad and free, A — parting song I sing to ye, I



fra - grant dell, Fare - well, fare - well!
 love so well, Fare - well, fare - well!

Dripping Rain

RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

Fr. H. Mayer

With a drip, drip, drip, And a drop, drop, drop, See the
rain on the pane; Will it stop, stop, stop? With a wink, wink, wink, And a
blink, blink, blink, Will the sun shine a-gain, Do you think?

Lords and Ladies

William Brighty Rands

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

1. Lords and la-dies, red and white, By the riv-er grow-ing,
2. I will be a lord to-day. (Round the world is go-ing.)
3. "I will be your la-dy fair If you will show du-ty."
Red and white is my de-light, When the stream is flow-ing.
Will you be a la-dy gay? (Ro-ses, ro-ses blow-ing.)
I will love be-yond compare, You shall be my beau-ty.

Indeed it is True

Kate Greenaway

Horatio Parker

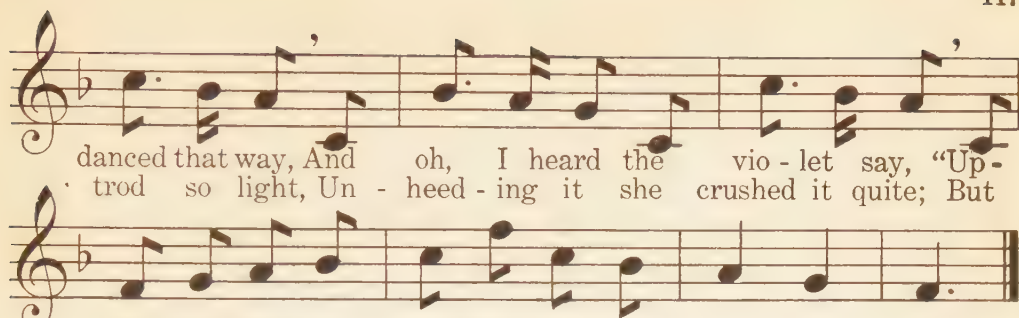
In - deed it is true, it is per - fec - tly true. Be -
lieve me, in-deed, I am play - ing no tricks. An old
man and his dog bide up there in the moon, And he's
cross as a bun - dle of sticks.

The Violet

M. Louise Baum
From the German

J. F. Reichardt

1. With - in a gras-sy mea-dow grew A vio - let, mod-est,
2. The maid drew nearer, fair to see, And vio - let, trembling,
fair, and blue. (It was a love-ly vio - let.) A pret-ty maid-en
thought: "O me, Perhaps she'll pluck and wear me." As past the flow'r she

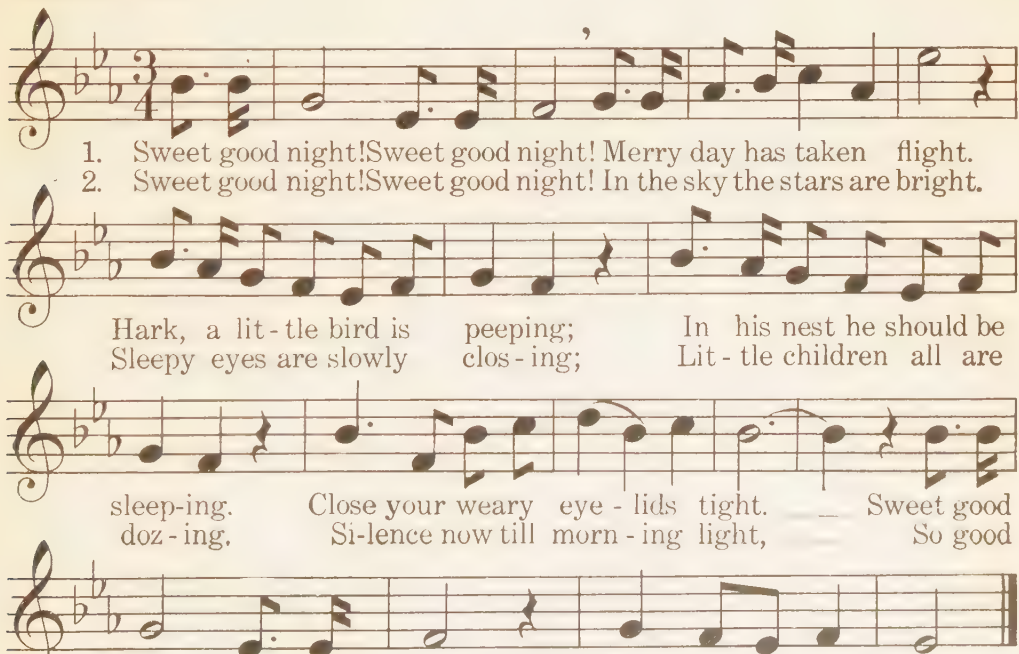


danced that way, And oh, I heard the vio - let say, "Up -
trod so light, Un - heed - ing it she crushed it quite; But
on her heart but one sweet day could I but lie!"
vio - let said, "'Tis my de - light thro' her to die."

Good Night

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

H. G. Nägeli



1. Sweet good night! Sweet good night! Merry day has taken flight.
2. Sweet good night! Sweet good night! In the sky the stars are bright.

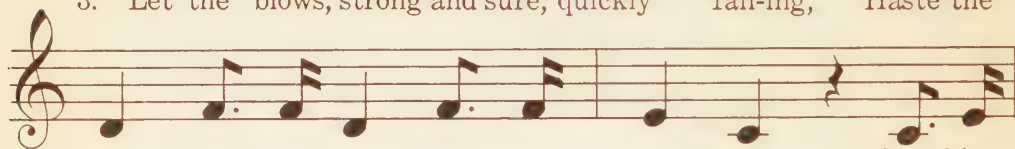
Hark, a lit - tle bird is peeping; In his nest he should be
Sleepy eyes are slowly clos - ing; Lit - tle children all are
sleep - ing. Close your weary eye - lids tight. Sweet good
doz - ing. Si - lence now till morn - ing light, So good
night, Sweet good night! Sleep thro' the night.
night, So good night! Sleep till the light.

The Sturdy Blacksmith

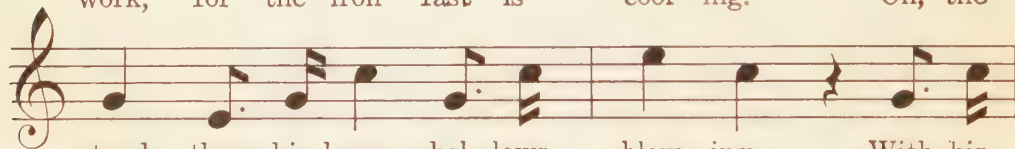
W. A. Mozart



1. Oh, the black-smith's a fine stur-dy fel-low! Hard his
 2. Blow the fire, stir the coals, heaping more on; Till the
 3. Let the blows, strong and sure, quickly fall-ing, Haste the



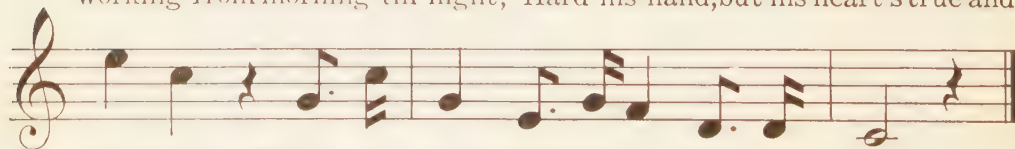
hand, but his heart's true and mel-low. See him
 iron's all a-glow, let it roar on! While the
 work, for the iron fast is cool-ing. Oh, the



stand there, his huge bel-lows blow-ing, With his
 smith high his ham-mer's a-swing-ing, Fi-'ry
 smith he's a fine stur-dy fel-low! Brave-ly



strong brawny arms free and bare. See the fire in the furnace a-
 sparks fall in show'rs all a-round. And the sledge on the an-vil is
 working from morning till night; Hard his hand, but his heart's true and

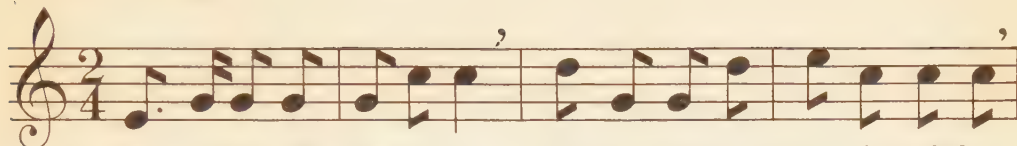


glow-ing; Bright its spar-kle and flash, loud its roar.
 ring-ing; Fills the air with its loud clanging sound.
 mel-low; Like his an-vil, he stands for the right.

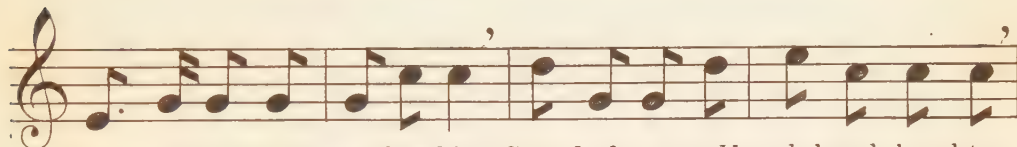
Borneo

Seymour Barnard
From the French

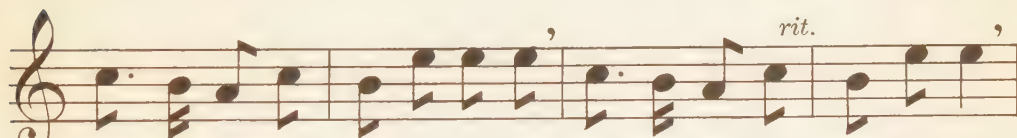
P. Lacôme



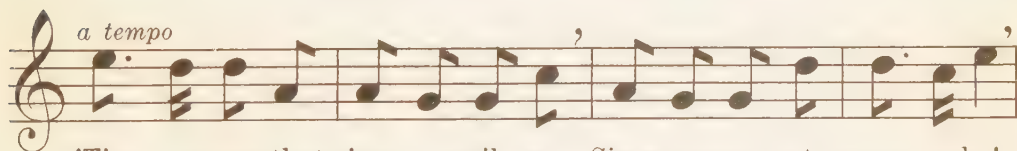
1. In a boat off Bor-ne - o, Gentle winds do waft, waft, waft her;
2. Up the trees in Bor-ne - o, Monkeys make com-mo-mo-mo-tions;



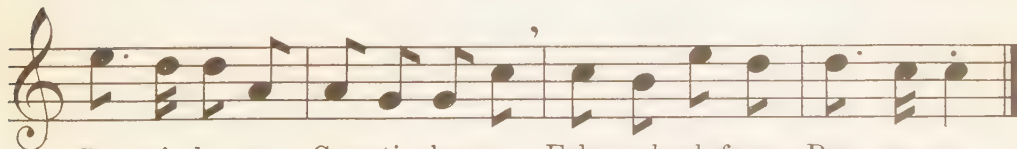
Seaward bringing, as they blow, Sound of song and laugh, laugh, laughter.
Tricks we've heard of, or we know, Suit these monkey no - no - no-tions.



Answers from the sea, yo - ho - ho! Answers from the sea, yo - ho!
Fun-ny friends, like you, you, you, you, We could clamber too, too, too,



'Tis a song that sings a sail - or, Sings a song at morn, yo-ho!
If we all had tails as you have, Tails as you have, for we know



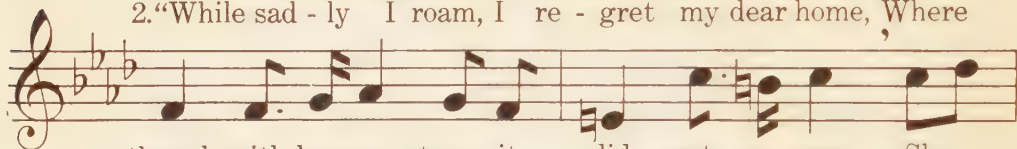
Can - ti - le - na, Can - ti - le - na, Ech-oes back from Bor - ne - o.
With what you have, We could too have Climb'd the trees of Bor - ne - o.

Oh, the Oak and the Ash

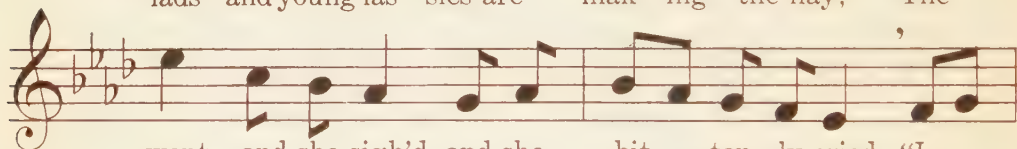
English Folk Song



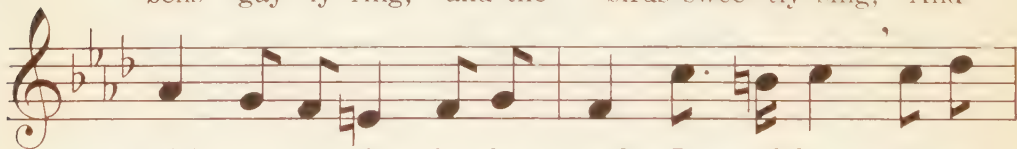
1. A north-country maid to the south-land had stray'd, Al -
2. "While sad - ly I roam, I re - gret my dear home, Where



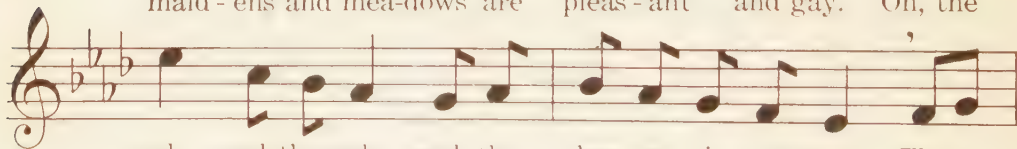
though with her na - ture it did not a - gree. She
lads and young las - sies are mak - ing the hay; The



wept, and she sigh'd, and she bit - ter - ly cried, "I
bells gay - ly ring, and the birds swee - tly sing, And



wish once a - gain in the north I could be. Oh, the
maid - ens and mea-dows are pleas - ant and gay. Oh, the



oak, and the ash, and the bon - ny i - vy tree, They



flour - ish at home in my own coun - try!"

April

May Morgan

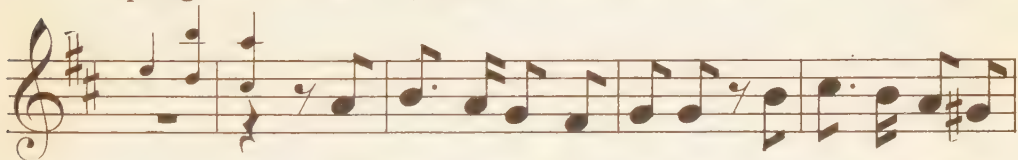
Catharina van Rennes



A - pril has come again With sweet perfume and song; The



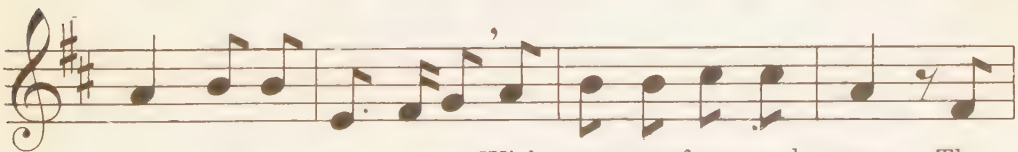
springs of life, the springs of love To her be - long.



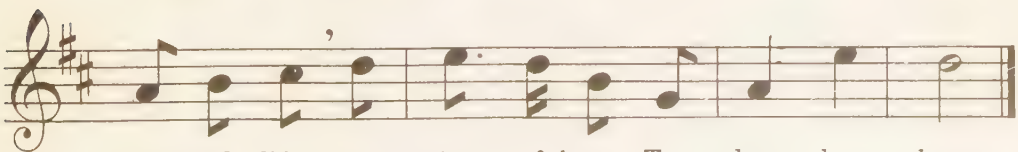
She sets the world to dancing On glad and ea-ger



feet; Its puls - es leap in wild de-light Her face to greet.



A - pril has come again With sweet perfume and song; The



springs of life, the springs of love, To her be - long.

Spring

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

Felix Borowski

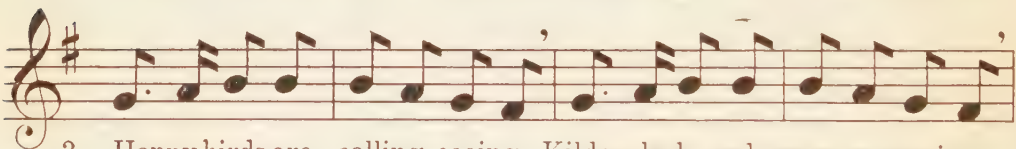
Composed for this Series



1. Now the balmy winds blow o-ver Scented fields of grass and clover;
2. Watersglancethro'reedsandrushes, In and out among the bushes;
4. Bright the world at time of Maying, Blue the sky, no sign of graying;



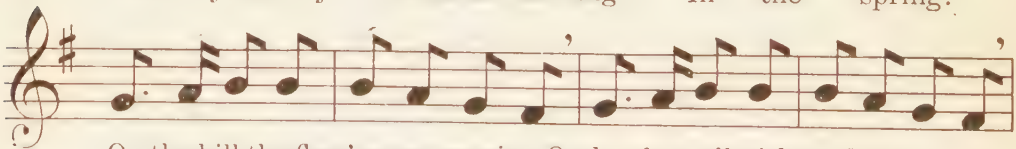
How I love to be a ro-ver In the spring!
 Sweet the wood with song of thrushes In the spring!
 Hap - py time for hap-py play-ing, In the spring!



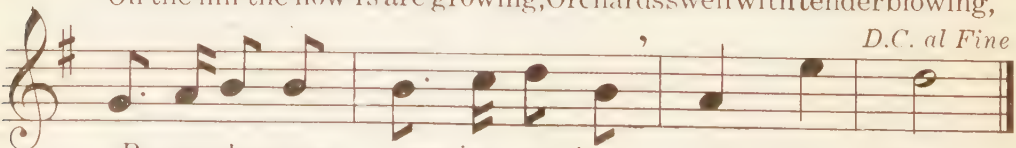
3. Happy birds are calling, cooing, Kildee, lark, and wren are wooing,



Twen - ty sau - cy catbirds mewing In the spring!



On the hill the flow'rs are growing, Orchardsswell with tenderblowing,



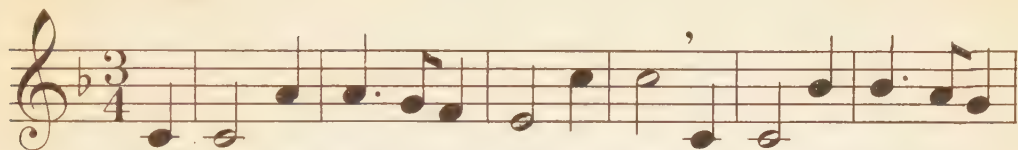
Bu - sy bees are com-ing, go-ing, In the spring!

Chapter XVIII: Three Tones Ascending Chromatically

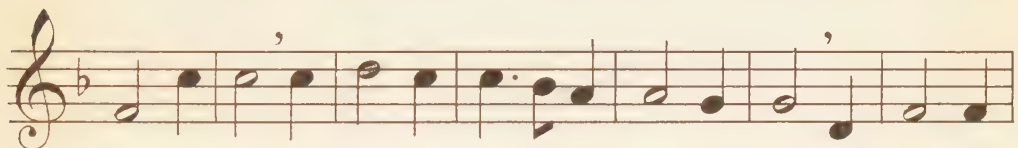
Happy Birds

George Jay Smith
From the German

Wilhelm Müller



We birds live mer-ri-ly all day long! In leaf-y branches we



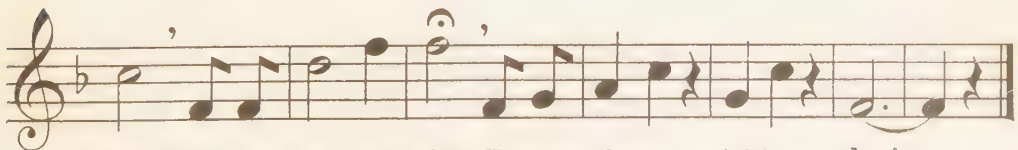
sing our song! We're well and happy with tree for bed, And earth for



ta-ble all rich-ly spread! So we chirp a-way as we fly and



play, And when night comes sof-tly dream as we sway, Till the morning



bright bids us rise in flight For an-oth-er jol-ly day! —

The Raindrops

Margaret Aliona Dole

Russian Folk Song

Raindrops at the win - dow, Tap-ping on the pane,
 Ask of one an - oth - er, "Do we knock in vain?"

The musical score for 'The Raindrops' is written for two staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a repeat sign at the beginning of the second line. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, often beamed together in pairs.

The River

Samuel G. Goodrich

George Döring

O tell me pretty riv - er Whence do thy waters flow? And
 whither art thou roam-ing So smoothly and so slow? My
 birthplace was the mountain, My nurse the A-pril showers; My
 cra-dle was the foun-tain, O'er-curtained by wild flowers.

The musical score for 'The River' is written for two staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is a simple, flowing line. The accompaniment features chords and single notes, with some beaming to create a sense of movement. The piece ends with a double bar line.

The Butterflies' Wings

From *Primary Education*

Fr. Gernsheim

Composed for this Series

1. Oh, where do lit - tle but - ter - flies Get all their col - ored
 2. I know they fly from flow'r to flow'r And this they do with
 wings? They — real - ly look like flow'rs to me, The pretty lit - tle
 ease, And for their wings I think they take The petals of sweet
 things; They really look like flow'rs to me, The pretty little things.
 peas; And for their wings I think they take The petals of sweet peas.

Tell Me Pray

Silesian Folk Song

1. "Tell me pray, O gard'ner mine, Are thy beds not grow - ing
 2. "Yes, Mam'selle, I've all the best, In my garden yon - der.
 Lav - en - der and rosem'ry fine, Thyme in fragrance blow - ing?"
 Will you be so good and rest Ere a - way you wan - der?"

Sunshine After Clouds

K. v. Woyna

1. What a sad A - pril day! Dri-ving tem¹¹-pest, drenching
2. Au-tumn weath-er is gray, And the earth seems worn and

show-ers; Twisting trees, breaking flowers; Branches all swing and
wea - ry; Leaden skies are so drear-y; Hear the wind's mournful

sway. Daf - fo - dills now sadly drooping, Stately lil - ies low are
lay. Then re - mem - ber that De - cem - ber Follows af - ter bleak No -

stooping. Then the sunshines in glo - ry And drives the clouds a -
vember, Bringing Christmas Day mer - ry, To drive our gloom a -

way; Then the sun shines in glory And drives the clouds a - way.
way; Bringing Christmas Day merry, To drive our gloom a - way.

Go, Little Boat

Maud Wilder Goodwin

A. Danhauser



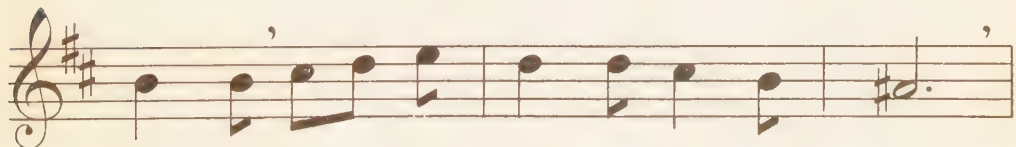
1. Lit - tle boat, go sail - ing, While all the nets are
 2. Lit - tle boat, go skip - ping, Thy sails with salt spray



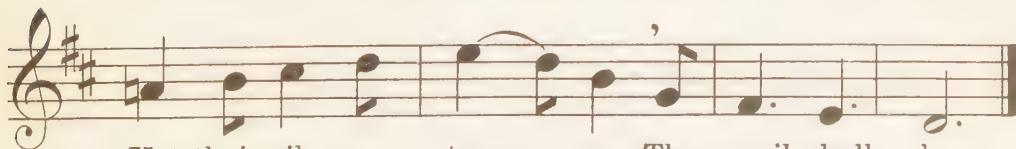
trail - ing; Fair winds nev - er fail - ing To
 drip - ping; Like a swal-low dip - ping, Spread



bear thee o'er the slumbering sea. While rip - ples
 forth thy wings to fav - or - ing gales. Sweet wel - come



wi - den, Wa - ry fish - es turn and flee;
 waits thee; Now the lands-man blithe-ly hails;

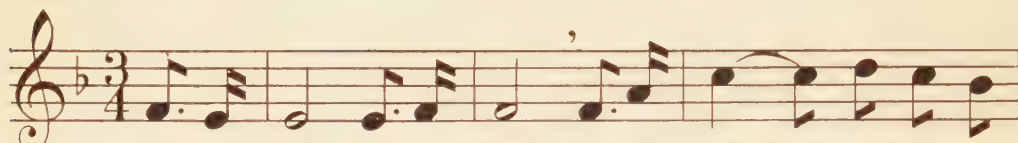


Yet their sil - ver treas - ure Thy spoil shall be.
 Soon with-in the har - bor Will rest thy sails.

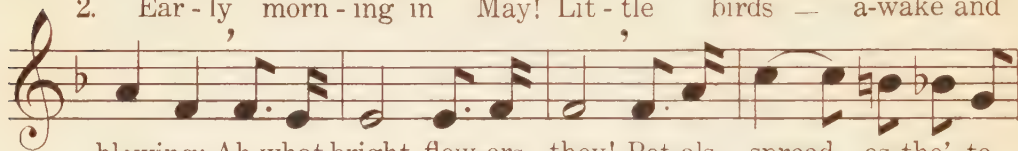
Early Morning in May

Seymour Barnard

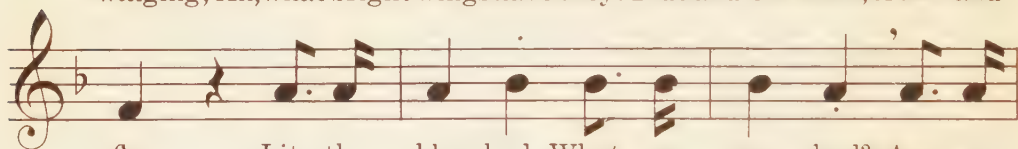
Ludwig van Beethoven



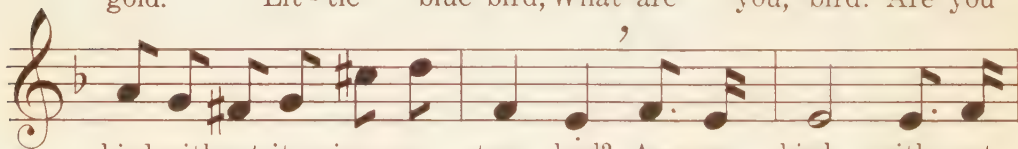
1. Ear - ly morn - ing in May! All a - round — are blossoms
 2. Ear - ly morn - ing in May! Lit - tle birds — a-wake and



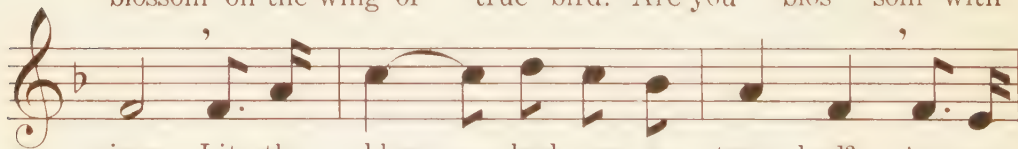
blowing; Ah, what bright flow - ers they! Pet - als spread as tho' to
 winging; Ah, what bright wings have they! Blue and crim - son, brown and



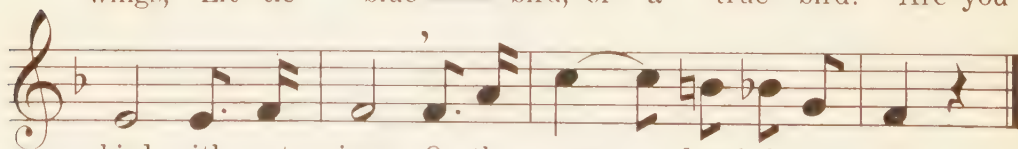
fly. Lit - tle blue bud, What are you, bud? Are you
 gold. Lit - tle blue bird, What are you, bird? Are you



bird without its wings or true bud? Are you bird with - out
 blossom on the wing or true bird? Are you blos - som with



wings, Lit - tle blue bud, or a true bud? Are you
 wings, Lit - tle blue bird, or a true bird? Are you



bird with - out wings, On the mea - dow left to lie?
 blos - som that sings, Lit - tle blue — bird, bright and bold?

PART THREE: Miscellaneous Songs

A Little Philosopher

Margaret E. Sangster

From *Little Knights and Ladies*,

Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers

Horatio Parker

Composed for this Series



1. The days are short and the nights are long, And the wind is nip-ping
2. The plums are few and the cake is plain, And the shoes are out at



Foreign Children

Robert Louis Stevenson

Victor Herbert

Composed for this Series

Lit-tle Indian, Sioux or Crow, Lit-tle fros-ty Es-ki-mo,



Lit-tle Turk or Jap - a - nee, Oh, don't you wish that you were me, that



you were me, that you were me? — You have seen the scar - let trees



And the li-ons o - ver seas; You have eat-en ostrich eggs, And



turned the turtles off their legs. Such a life is ve-ry fine, But it's not as



nice as mine. You have curious things to eat, I am fed on prop-er meat;



You must dwell be-yond the foam, But I am safe and live at home.

a tempo



Little Indian, Sioux or Crow, Little fros-ty Es - ki - mo,



Lit-tle Turk or Jap - a - nee, Oh, don't you wish that



you were me, that you were me, that you were me? —

Wishing

Alice V. L. Carrick

Frank van der Stucken

Composed for this Series

mf



1. I'd like a gun, I'd like to run A-way and be a pi - rate; To
2. A rob-ber bold, I'd like to hold A cav-ern in a mountain; But



sail a- cross the foaming seas, And have bigships, bigships to fire
I would like the best to have A so - da - wa - ter,



at. so - da - wa - ter foun - - - tain.

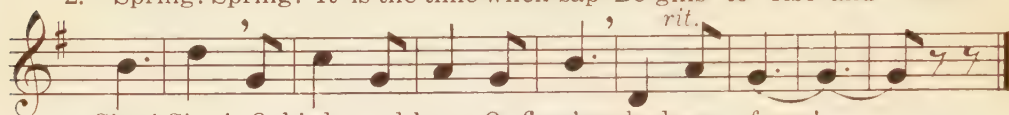
An Arbor Day Song

Susie M. Best

Carl Busch

Composed for this Series

1. Spring! Spring! It is the time when trees Be-gin to bud and bloom!
 2. Spring! Spring! It is the time when sap Be-gins to rise and run!



Sing! Sing! O birds and bees; O flow'rs, shed per - fume!
 Sing! Sing! For old earth's lap Grows green 'neath the sun.

Hoof Beats

Louise Ayres Garnett

Arthur Farwell

Composed for this Series

1. I love to hear the hors-es' feet Go clut-ter clat-ter up -
 2. Some-times it seems as though they say, "Sweet dreams, my child, it will
 3. Or just as tho' they're on the way To lands where numberless
 4. I love the sounds that come at night, They're, oh, so diff'rent from



on the street. The nights when I can't sleep, I lie And
 soon be day." A - gain they sound like gob - lin bands That
 chil-dren stay. But al - ways do they seem to bring A
 sounds by light! But most of all I love the beat Of



wait for hoof beats go - ing by.
 stamp their feet and clap their hands;
 thought that keeps me won - der - ing.
 hors - es' hoofs up - on the street.

Rhyme of the Rail

J. G. Saxe

George W. Chadwick

Composed for this Series

mf

2/4

The first staff of music is in 2/4 time and marked *mf*. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, starting on G4 and moving through A4, Bb4, and C5, with some notes beamed together.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|------------------|-----------|
| 1. Sing-ing thro' the | for-ests, | Rat-ting o - ver | ridg-es, |
| 2. High and low-ly | peo-ple, | Birds of ev - ry | feath-er, |
| 3. Trav-'ler on my | right hand, | Look-ing ve - ry | sun-ny, |
| 4. Mar-ket wom-an | care-ful | Of the precious | cas-ket, |
| 5. Sing-ing thro' the | for-ests, | Rat-ting o - ver | ridg-es, |

Shoo-ting un - der arch - es, Rum-bling o - ver bridg - es,
On a com-mon lev - el, Trav - el - ing to - geth - er.
Ev - i - den - tly read - ing Some-thing ve - ry fun - ny.
Know-ing eggs are cos - tly Tigh - tly holds her bas - ket.
Shoo-ting un - der arch - es, Rum-bling o - ver bridg - es.

Whiz - zing thro' the	moun - tains,	Buz - zing o'er the	vale,—
Men of dif - f'rent	"sta - tions"	In the eye of	fame
An - cient maid - en	la - dy	Ask - ing for the	news;
Wom - an with a	ba - by,	Sit - ting vis - a -	vis;
Whiz - zing thro' the	moun - tains,	Buz - zing o'er the	vale,—

The first line of musical notation is on a single staff with a treble clef. It contains eight measures of music. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half), and C4 (half). The melody is simple and catchy, typical of a children's song.

Bless me! this is	pleas-ant,	Ri - ding	on the	Rail!
Here are ve - ry	quick-ly	Com-ing	to the	same.
Black - ap - par-eled	stran-ger	In a	fit of	blues.
Ba - by keeps a -	squal-ling,	Wom - an	looks at	me.
Bless me! this is	pleas-ant,	Ri - ding	on the	Rail!

This Little Fat Goblin

Kate Greenaway

Horatio Parker

p

This lit - tle fat gob - lin, A no - ta - ble sin - ner, Stole

p

cab - bag - es dai - ly, For breakfast and din - ner. The

farmer look'd sorry; He cried, sad with pain, "That rogue has been here for his

p

cabbage a - gain!" That lit - tle plump gob - lin, He

laughed, "Ho! Ho! Ha! Be - fore he can catch me, He'll have to run far!"

That lit - tle fat goblin, He nev - er need sorrow; He

cresc.

stole them to - day, And he'll steal more to - mor - row. —

The Daisy

Sir Rennell Rodd

Vincent d'Indy
Composed for this Series



1. With lit-tle white leaves in the gras-ses, Spread wide forth the smile of the
2. 'Pray, why do you close thus at e - ven?' I know what it wan-ted to



sun, It waits till the daylight passes And closes them one by one.
say: "The star shine all night in heaven, And I'm the bright star of day."

In the Cornfield

Maude M. Grant

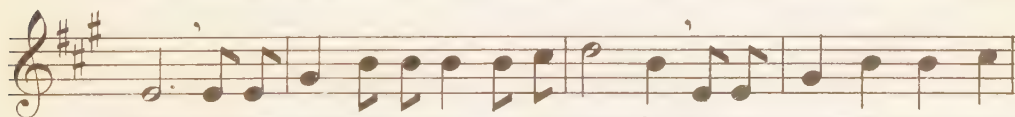
Adolf Weidig
Composed for this Series



Did you ev - er go out in a corn-field, And walk there to and



fro? The stalks are high as trees, it seems, And the long leaves shake and



blow. And they make such a stir and a rustling, And the wind goes, "Hush, hush,"



so; Oh, it's fun to walk in the cornfield, When the autumn breezes blow.

The Mill Fairy

H. D.

Walter Morse Rummel

Composed for this Series

Delicately

There was a fair-y in a mill who had not ve-ry

much to do. He coun-ted all the piles of wheat, and

allargando then he munch'd a grain or two; *a tempo* For he had not ve-ry

much to do; For he ——— had not ve-ry much to do.

He. thought a - bout the

ways of wasps and beetles and of fair-y lore; But

when he'd ed-u-cate the mice, they said: "We've heard all that be-fore."

allargando a tempo

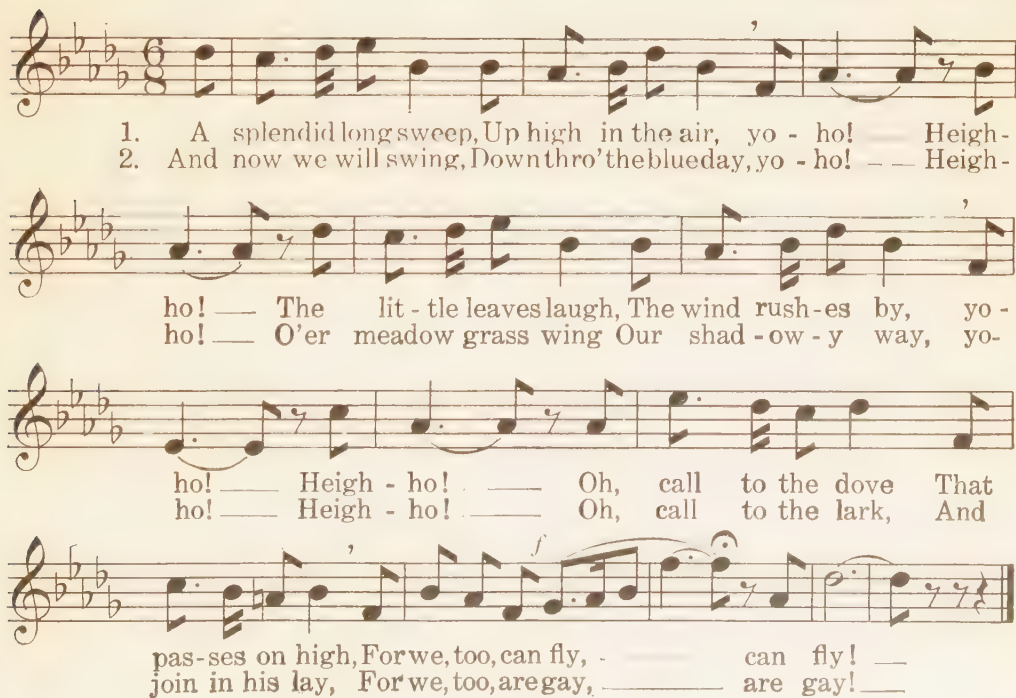


There — was a fair - y in a mill; he
had — not ve - ry much to do!

The Swing

Emily Fox Grinnell

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



1. A splendid long sweep, Up high in the air, yo - ho! — Heigh -
2. And now we will swing, Down thro' the blue day, yo - ho! — Heigh -

ho! — The lit - tle leaves laugh, The wind rush - es by, yo -
ho! — O'er meadow grass wing Our shad - ow - y way, yo -

ho! — Heigh - ho! — Oh, call to the dove That
ho! — Heigh - ho! — Oh, call to the lark, And

pas - ses on high, For we, too, can fly, — can fly! —
join in his lay, For we, too, are gay, — are gay! —

The Blackbird

M. Louise Baum

Italian Folk Song



1. Thro' the field I went a whistling loud and clear; Ho! Are you
 2. "I have sung," he said, "till dawn grew ro-sy red, Ho! Then I



there, my friend, the black - bird? And my
 set the cocks a - crow - ing, Next I



mer-ry shout and whis-tle do you hear? Ho! Come, wake
 whistled all the children out of bed, Ho! And I



up for there's the sun. Then I heard, Ho! How the
 put the mill at work. Nestling each, Ho! That I



bird, Ho! Called in glee to me with eeh-o of my fun. "I a-
 teach, Ho! Reads the skies as wise as a-a-ny weather clerk. Look a-



wake? Ho! You mis take, Ho! For my day's work's half way done!
 live, Ho! They who thrive, Ho! While the sun shines, nev-er shirk."

The Kite

Charles Keeler

Peter Christian Lutkin

*Allegretto**Composed for this Series*

mf

Blow, wind, blow, wind, fly, kite, fly! On and on you

Fine >

go, wind, Up, kite, high! 1. Outsweps your tail, kite, Tug on the
 2. Would I were like you, One snowy
 3. Swift would I sail, kite, Up to the

cresc.

D.C.

string; Far a-way you sail, kite; Proud - ly you swing.
 wing; Noth-ing else to do but Tug on the string.
 moon; Down the milk-y way, then, Slide homeward soon.

A Spring Guest

Kate Louise Brown

G. A. Grant-Schaefer

Composed for this Series

La-dy Ap-ple Blos-som, Just arrived in town, Wears a bright green

bon-net, With a snow-y gown. The pretty frock is - What do you

think? Five white pe-tals Just touched with pink.

A Meadow Song

Laura E. Richards

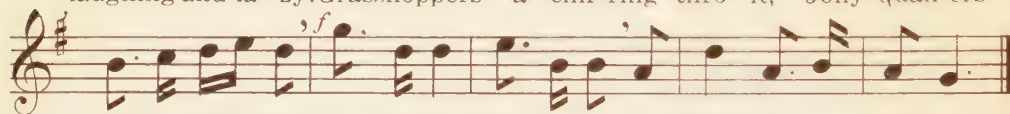
Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series



1. Red-top, tim-o-thy, June grass, and clover, Sing the merry meadow song
2. Red-top, tim-o-thy, herd's grass and daisy, Hear the merry meadow's song



o-ver and o-ver. Bobolinks a-trill-ing thro' it, Little breez-es
laughing and la-zy! Grasshoppers a-chir-ring thro' it, Jolly quak-ers



thrill-ing to it; Just to-day, Care a-way, And I'll be a ro-ver.
whir-ring thro' it; Midges small, O-ver all, Just dance till they're crazy.

Frost Fairies

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



On winter nights when I'm asleep, All snugly tuck'd in bed, Across my room the



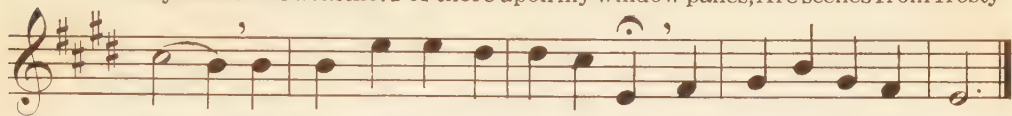
fairies creep, And stand beside my head. Tho' not a footstep do I hear, Tho'



not a face I see, When morn-ing comes I know full well That



they have been with me. For there upon my window panes, Are scenes from frosty



lands; Bright trees and ferns and starry flow'rs, All drawn by fairy hands.

Noel

Seymour Barnard
From the French

French Folk Song



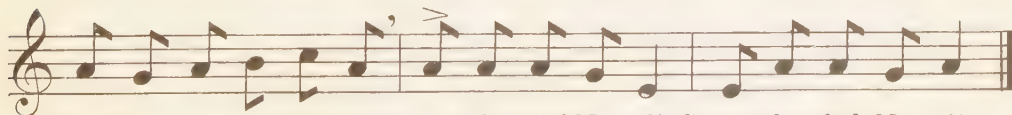
1. Comes the glad No - el With the fros - ty dawn-ing;
2. 'Tis a migh - ty bough On the hearth we're fling - ing;
3. At this mer - ry time Old and young are mee - ting;



Hark! a dis - tant bell! Folk a - bed are yawn - ing.
Dead and dull till now, Warmth and glad - ness bring - ing.
Troll the an - cient rhyme, Lus - ti - ly give gree - ting.



Light the candles, thou, For the stars grow dimmer; O - ver eastward now
Nim - ble feet and old Stamp the mer - ry measure; Till the hearth is cold,
Till the stars a - gain No - el lights shall kindle, And the candles wane,



Morning comes a - glimmer: Comes the glad No - el! Comes the glad No - el!
Reigneth joy and pleasure: In the glad No - el! In the glad No - el!
Flick - er, then, and dwindle, Speed the glad No - el! Speed the glad No - el!

The Brass Band

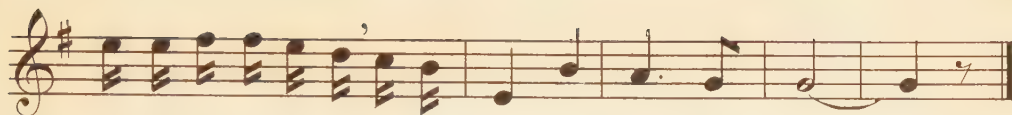
Charles Keeler

Henry Hadley

Composed for this Series

f *Merrily*

It makes me feel so fine and gay When drums are beat and
bugles play; I think I'd like to be a king And rule the earth and
ev'-ry-thing. The big bass drum Goes dum, dum, dum, The horns go tweedledee
dee, And ev'-ry toot and ev'-ry beat Just catches hold of my two feet, And
make them run a-way with me. — And this is what I hear them say, As
down the street they march a-way: Te dum rat-ta dum rat-ta
dum dum dee! Te dum rat-ta dum, Come shout with me. Tweedle,
twee, twee, twee-dle a-ny-thing you can, For I'm

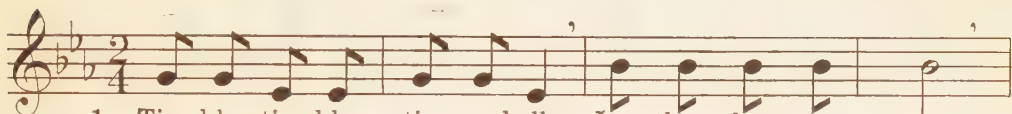


going to be a soldier when I get to be a man. —

Algerian Lullaby

Frederick G. Bowles

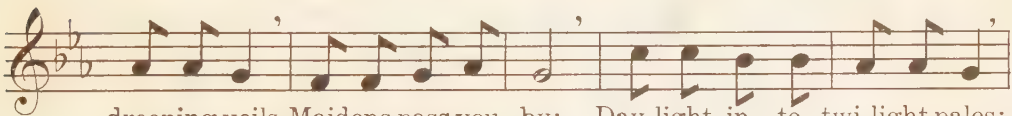
Mary Root Kern



1. Tin - kle, tin - kle, ti - ny bells, In the sleep - y sun;
2. Sof - tly, sof - tly, cam - el bells, Sleep has closed her eyes;



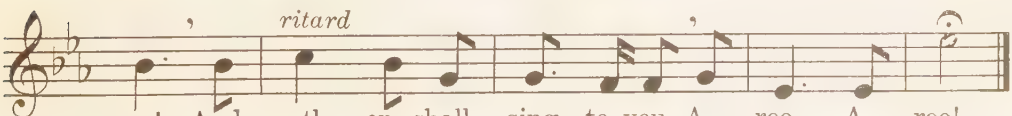
There is shelter by the wells For my lit - tle one. Underneath their
Ba - by in her dreamland dwells Ere the daylight dies. And within the



drooping veils, Maidens pass you by; Day - light in - to twi - light pales;
orange grove Drowsy birds sing low; Nev - er such a lit - tle love



Ba - by, do not sigh, And moth - er shall sing to you, A - roo, A -
Did I ev - er know. And moth - er shall sing to you, A - roo, A -



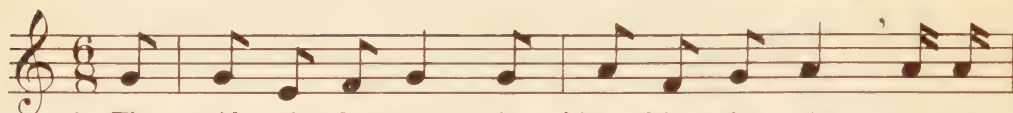
roo! And moth - er shall sing to you, A - roo, A - roo!
roo! And moth - er shall sing to you, A - roo, A - roo!

Fairyland

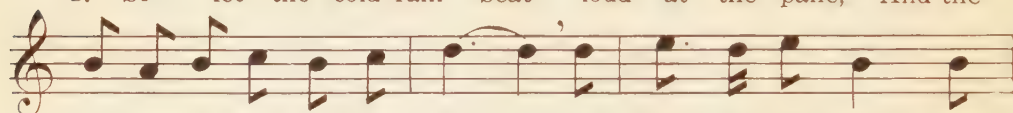
Alice V. L. Carrick

Fanny Snow Knowlton

Composed for this Series



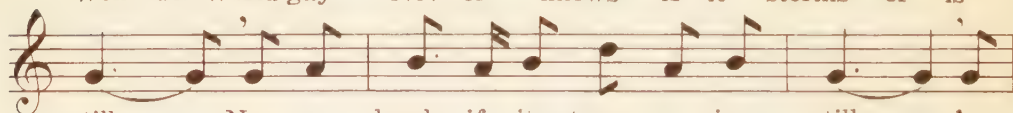
1. The wide win-dow-pane is blurred by the rain, And the
2. There Snow-White she meets, Prince Charm-ing she greets, Sees Red
3. So let the cold rain beat loud at the pane, And the



li-lac twigs tap at the sill; But Nan in her nook, deep,
 Ri-ning Hood wander the wood; — To Puss-in-Boots talks, and
 li-lac twigs tap at the sill; For Nan-nie a-way in



deep in a book, Nev-er heeds if it storms or is
 whis-pers and walks With dear Beau-ty, so gen-tle and
 Won-der-World gay Nev-er knows if it storms or is



still, — Nev-er heeds if it storms or is still. — A-
 good, — With dear Beau-ty so gen-tle and good. Far,
 still, — Nev-er knows if it storms or is still. — Oh,



way in-to Fair-y-land now she is go-ing, Blue
 far in the for-est the Sap-phire Bird's sing-ing, And
 who for the wind and the rain can be car-ing, When



skies arch a-bove her, and fair winds are blow-ing, Blue
 high in the heav-ens the Wild Swans are wing-ing, And
 off in-to Fair-y-land she can go far-ing, When



skies arch a - bove her, and fair winds are blow - ing.
high in the heav - ens the Wild Swans are wing - ing.
off in - to Fair - y - land she can go far - ing?

A Snowy Day

Anna M. Pratt

Gabriel Pierné
Composed for this Series



1. Sing a song of snow - flakes, White and soft and cool;
2. Sing a song of snow - flakes, Ro - sy cheeks and chins;
3. Fol - low - ing the lead - er, On the chil - dren run;



Four and twen - ty lit - tle folk Run - ning home from school.
When the snow - balls fly a - round, Mer - ry war be - gins.
Plung - ing thro' the deep - est drifts, Fall - ing down in fun.



Frisk - ing, laugh - ing, shout - ing, All a - long their way - What a
Frisk - ing, laugh - ing, shout - ing, Hap - py chil - dren play; What a
Frisk - ing, laugh - ing, shout - ing, All a - long their way - What a



jol - ly time they have On a snow - y day!
jol - ly time they have On a snow - y day!
jol - ly time they have On a snow - y day!

The Month of March

From *The Youth's Companion*

Horatio Parker

Composed for this Series



1. Play, wind, play! It is a cold March day, But there is sun-shine
2. Blow, wind, blow! Tho' hats a-roll-ing go; For we don't mind if
3. Race, wind, race! Give us a mer-ry chase All hel-ter-skel-ter
4. Sing, wind, sing! And make the branches swing, And choose your ve-ry



all a-bout, And troops of children now run out. Play, wind, play!
you are bold, And sting our cheeks and ears with cold. Blow, wind, blow!
down the street; Ho! you're a playmate strong and fleet. Race, wind, race!
gay-est tune, We'll dance to it this af-ter-noon. Sing, wind, sing!

From the Starry Heavens High

Elizabeth E. Foulke

French Christmas Song



1. From the star-ry heav-ens high, Strains of joy ex-ul-tant ring;
2. Shepherds, mute with ho-ly joy, List the mes-sage from a-bove;
3. Haste, oh haste, the ti-dings bear Far and wide till stri-vings cease;



And the hills of earth re-ply, All their mu-sic ech-o-ing.
Peace on earth with-out al-loy, Now be-gins the reign of love.
Till the na-tions ev-'ry-where Join the song, "Goodwill and peace."

f

Glo - - - ri-a in excelsis, De-o;

Glo - - - ri-a in excelsis, De - o!

What Becomes of the Moon

George Reiter Brill

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

When nights are ve-ry, ve-ry dark, And Mister Moon has gone a-

way, I wonder what becomes of him, And where he goes to stay.

I think they cut the old moon up When-ever he becomes too

dim; They cut him in-to lit-tle bits And

make the stars of him, And make the stars of him.

Christmas Carol

From *Cradle Songs*

Felix Borowski
Composed for this Series



God bless the master of this house, The mistress al-so, And all the little



children, That round the ta-ble go; And all your kin and kinsmen, That



dwell both far and near. I wish you a merry Christmas And a happy New Year.

Auld Daddy Darkness

James Ferguson

Nellie Poorman
Composed for this Series



Auld Dad - dy Dark - ness Creeps frae his hole,



Black as a blackamoor, Blin' as a mole. Stir the fire till it lowes,



Let the bairnie sit. Auld Daddy Dark-ness Is no wan - tit yit.

After Vacation

From *The Youth's Companion*

Arthur Hinton
Composed for this Series

f *p*

1. What a pleas-ant sound is that! Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat,
2. Lis - ten! now the school bells ring! Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling,

Pit - a - pat, a - pat, a - pat. Lit - tle folk are skip - ping by;
Ting - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling. "Come," they say, "Va - ca - tion's done;

dim. e rit. *a tempo cresc.* *f*

Don't you know the rea - son why? Don't you know the rea - son why?
Play is o - ver, work's be - gun, Play is o - ver, work's be - gun."

pp

Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pit - a - pat;
Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling, Ting - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling;

Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pit - a - pat;
Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling, Ting - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling;

ff

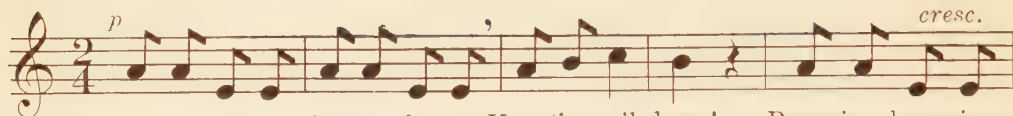
Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pit - a - pat;
Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling, Ting - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling;

Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pat.
Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling, Ting - a - ling - a - ling.

The Train

Ann Underhill

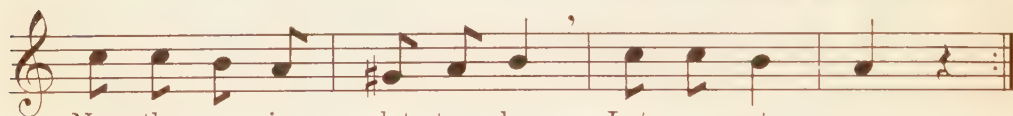
Kún László



1. Nearer, nearer, clearer, clearer, How the rails hum! Bumping, bumping,
 2. Whistles blowing, we are going Forward at last! Hors-es, peo-ple,



- thumping, thumping, Hear the train come! { Onward with a rush and cry,
 church and steeple, Slow-ly glide past. { Hur-ry, scur-ry, do not wait!
 { Clouds of smoke a-round us blow;
 { Like a mov-ing picture show,



- Now the en-gine clat-ters by. Let us get on.
 If you stop you'll be to late. Now we start on.
 Fas-ter, fas-ter now we go! Ev-er-more on.
 All the world is spread be-low, As we go on.

Gather Around the Christmas Tree

Old Carol



1. Gath-er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Ev-er-green have its
 2. Gath-er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Ev-'ry bough bears a



- bran-ches been; It is king of all the wood-land scene. The
 bur-den now; They are gifts of love for us, we trow. A



Prince of Peace is born to-day! His reign shall nev-er pass a-way, Ho-
Child is born His love to show, And give good gifts to men be-low. Ho-



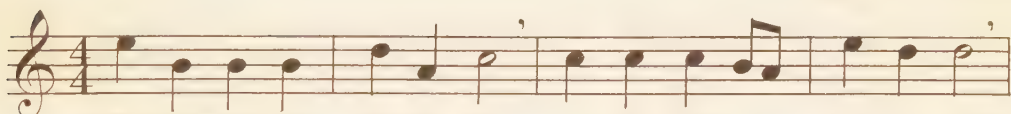
san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!

Little Birdie

Alfred Tennyson

Frederick Delius

Composed for this Series



1. What does lit - tle bird - ie say In her nest at peep of day?
2. What does lit - tle Ba - by say In her bed at peep of day?



"Let me fly," says lit - tle bird - ie; "Moth - er, let me fly a - way."
Ba - by says, like lit - tle bird - ie; "Let me rise and fly a - way."



"Bird - ie rest a lit - tle longer, Till the lit - tle wings grow stronger."
"Ba - by sleep a lit - tle longer, Till the lit - tle limbs are stronger;



mf So she rests a lit - tle longer, Then she flies, she flies a - way.
If she sleeps a lit - tle longer, Ba - by, too, shall fly a - way. *cresc.*

Two Kinds of People

Frank Walcott Hutt

Myles B. Foster
Composed for this Series

mp Lazily

Tar - ry-a-while is a heedless place, Tarry - a-while is a la - zy

town. No - bo-dy there ev-er ran a race, No-bo-dy there ev-er

won — renown. — You may go ma - ny a wea - ry mile

f Brightly

Ere you may meet with a friend - ly smile. Up-and-about is a

bu - sy town, Bu - si-est place in the bu - sy land; Ev-'ry-one

dim.

there hurries up and down, Plenty a - do - ing on ev - 'ry

p *cresc.* *f*

hand. — Plenty of kindness and smiles to share; Frowns never worry the

cresc. *ff rit.*

people there, Frowns never wor - ry the peo - ple there. —

In Story Land

May Morgan

Henry Clough-Leigher

Composed for this Series

mp
I like to sit be - fore the fire, All curl'd up in a

p *rall.* *cresc.*
chair, And wish my-self in Sto-ry Land, For right a-way I'm

mf *Slower*
there! — I roam the wood with Rob-in Hood, Or

Slower
tilt with I - van - hoe; — Or may - be hunt a

bear or two With Fri - day and Cru - soe;

a tempo
Or fight with pi - rates, black and bold, Up -

rall. *a tempo* *mf*
on the Span - ish main, — Till

bed-time comes, and I am told To hur-ry home a - gain!

Devotion

Abbie Farwell Brown

Florence Newell Barbour

Composed for this Series



1. How fast you grow, dear little Rose! What is it that you seek? "I
2. How fast you grow, dear Buttercup! What do you long to win? "I
3. How fast you grow, sweet Cloverstalk! And why a - tip-toe stand? "When



hope to reach and kiss, — who knows? — The Ba-by's dim-pled cheek."'
 hope to hold my pe - tals up And gild the Ba-by's chin."'
 Ba - by takes his morn - ing walk, I hope to touch his hand."'

Easter Rabbit

Mary Root Kern
From the German

Mary Root Kern



1. Eas - ter Rab-bit, wake, O wake! Leave your home with - in the brake.
2. Eas - ter Rab-bit, sit upright; Lift your ears, so long and white.



Dark the for - est is and lonely, Fit for winter dream-ing on - ly.
 Eas - ter chimes are clearly ringing, Easter voic-es sweet-ly singing.



See! the sun is shining clear; Wake and hasten, Rabbit dear! —
 Bring the eggs, all red and blue; Ma - ny children wait for you! —

October's Party

George Cooper

Horatio Parker

Composed for this Series



1. Oc - to - ber gave a par - ty, The leaves by hundreds came; The
2. The Chestnuts came in yel - low, The Oaks in crimson dressed; The
3. Then in the sha - dy hol - lows, At hide - and - seek they played; The



Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples, And leaves by ev - 'ry name; The
 love - ly Miss - es Ma - ple In scar - let look'd their best. All
 par - ty closed at sun - down, But ev - 'ry - bo - dy stayed. Pro -



sunshine spread a car - pet, And ev - 'ry - thing was grand; Miss
 balanced to their partners, And gay - ly flut - tered by; The
 fes - sor Wind play'd louder; They flew a - long the ground, And



Weath - er led the danc - ing, Pro - fes - sor Wind, the band.
 sight was like a rain - bow, New - fal - len from the sky.
 then the par - ty end - ed With jol - ly "Hands all round."

A Trip to the Moon

Julia W. Bingham
From the Spanish

Josephine R. de Elias



1. Like a gi-ant bird a-wing-ing, Lightly down from cloud-lands swing-ing,
2. Thro' the realm of sun-lit shad-ows, Thro' the shining star-ry meadows,



Sails my kite, tow'rd heaven stray-ing, Rest-less on its teth-er sway-ing.
Thro' the dimness of the dawn-ing, Thro' the brightness of the morn-ing,



When at night no one is wak-ing, Earthly ties for-ev-er break-ing,
Ev-er with my kite as-cend-ing, Stillness in-to still-ness blend-ing,



With my kite the world for-sak-ing, I shall sail up-to the moon.
Till, thro' silence nev-er end-ing, I have reach'd the silver moon.



Sail-ing, sail-ing, Up to the moon, up to the moon;
Sail-ing, sail-ing, Up in the moon, up in the moon;



Sail-ing, sail-ing, Ev-er onward, upward sail-ing to the moon.
Sail-ing, sail-ing, Si-len-tly and safe-ly in the sil-ver moon.

What Professor Owl Knows

157

George Macdonald

G. A. Grant-Schaefer

Composed for this Series



No-bo-dy knows the world like me. The rest go to bed, I



sit up to see. I can see the wind; Now can you do



that? I can see the dreams he car-ries in his hat.

A Penny to Spend

Old English Song

W. Otto Miessner

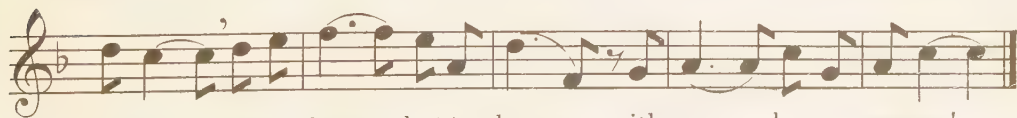
Composed for this Series



A penny to spend! a penny to spend! A penny will buy jol-ly



things without end. But Oh! but Oh! the ve-ry worst thing of



a-ny — Is to know what to buy — with on - ly a pen-ny! —

Boy Scouts

M. Louise Baum

Catharina van Rennes



1. Hark! tan-ta - ra! 'Tis the trumpet that calls to the march! At -
 2. Hark! tan-ta - ra! 'Tis the trumpet that calls to the charge! At -



ten-tion! Company, For-ward march! Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
 ten-tion! Company, For-ward march! Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,



Scouts are marching, How the flags and pen-nants fly! Clap, clap, clap, clap,
 Stead - y, stead - y, Up-ward still the ban-ner goes! O-ver rocks now



girls are cheering, They will join the camp by and by. Dr - r - r - r -
 leap and scramble, Who'll be first up? No - body knows. Dr - r - r - r -



rum! Dr - r - r - r - rum! 'Tis the drum - mer! Too - tle
 rum! Dr - r - r - r - rum! 'Tis the drum - mer! Too - tle



tee - a - tee! 'Tis the fife — that — shrills its —
 tee - a - tee! 'Tis the fife — that — shrills its —

an - swer. Shoulders back and eyes straight a - head, Fast they
an - swer. Till they reach the top with a shout, Storm the

fol-low where they are led, Past the wood where the heights rise a -
old hill's sto - ny re - doubt. Plant the flag high o'er cliff and o'er

f far, Dou-ble quick, now, with hip, hip-hip - hur - rah!
scar, While they cheer it with hip, hip-hip - hur - rah!

The Fairy Folk

William Allingham

Jessie L. Gaynor
Composed for this Series

Lightly and Fast

1. Up the air - y moun - tain, Down the rush - y glen, We
2. Down a-long the rocky shore Some make their home; They

dare not go a - hun-ting For fear of lit-tle men. Wee folk, good folk,
live on crispy pancakes Of yellow tide - foam; Some in the reeds Of the

Troop-ing all to - gether; Green jacket, red cap, And white owl's feather.
black mountain lake, With frogs for their watchdogs, All night awake.

The Three Kings

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

Old French Song

f

1. Yes - ter - day — I met up - on the way — The three great
 2. Christmas Day — They went up - on their way, The three great

Kings who came from for - eign re - gions. Yes - ter -
 Kings with all the pre - cious treas - ure. Christ - mas

day — I met up - on the way — The three great
 Day — They went up - on their way — To seek a

Kings in all their fine ar - ray. With chests of gold and of gifts un -
 Ba - by ly - ing in the hay. The one a black King, and one was

told, — Then came the hosts of the marching, migh - ty
 brown, — Who came so far for a lit - tle ba - by's

le - gions; With chests of gold and of gifts un -
 pleas - ure; And one was white with a gol - den

told, The three great Kings in all their fine ar - ray!
 crown, — The three great Kings so gal - lant and so gay!

Wishing and Working

Anna M. Pratt

Gayly

Rudolph Ganz

Composed for this Series

mf

I saw the moon when 'twas slen - der and new,
O - ver my shoulder, my right one, too; And I
wished for a fra - grant flow - er. So di - rec - tly some seeds in my
gar - den I sowed; Then I raked and I wa - tered, I
weed - ed and hoed My neat lit - tle, sweet lit - tle bow - er, My
dim. neat lit - tle, sweet lit - tle bow - er. *mf* And my
gar - den was gay thro' the bright summer weather, For
wish - ing and work - ing, you see, went to - geth - er.

Rock-a-bye, Lullaby

Josiah Gilbert Holland

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series



1. Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, bees on the clover! Croon-ing so drow - si - ly,
2. Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, rain on the clover! Tears on the eye-lids that
3. Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, dew on the clover! Dew on the eyes that will



cry - ing so low! ——— Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, dear lit-tle ro-ver!
struggle and weep! ——— Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, bend-ing it o-ver!
spar-kle at dawn! ——— Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, dear lit-tle ro-ver!



Down in - to won - der - land, Down to the un - der - land,
Down on the moth - er - world, Down on the oth - er world,
In - to the stil - ly world, In - to the li - ly world,



Go, oh,	go! ———	Go, oh,	go! ———
Sleep, oh,	sleep! ———	Sleep, oh,	sleep! ———
Gone! oh,	gone! ———	Gone! oh,	gone! ———



Down in - to won-der-land	go! ———	Go, oh,	go! ———
Down on the moth-er-world	sleep! ———	Sleep, oh,	sleep! ———
In - to the li - ly world	gone! ———	Gone, oh,	gone! ———

The Blacksmith

Virginia Baker

John E. West

Composed for this Series



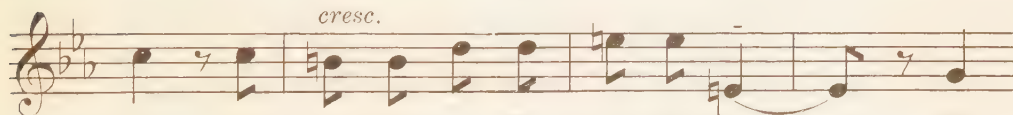
1. The black-smith in the smith-y stands, The fire is blaz-ing
2. Right well the black-smith knows his trade, He'll make a tool for



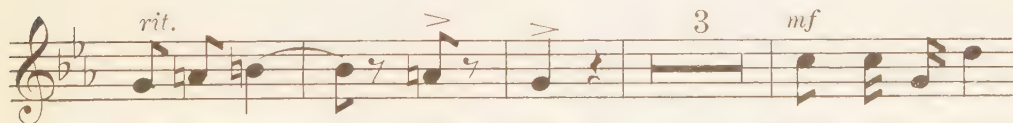
bright; He lifts the great sledge in his hands, And strikes with all his
you; And if your horse should need his aid He'll give each foot a



might. Oh, mer - ri - ly the rud - dy sparks Like el - fine eyes wink,
shoe. All day the flames so gay - ly dance, All day the red sparks



wink; The blacksmith's arm goes up and down, — The
blink; The blacksmith's arm goes up and down, — The



hammer goes — chink - chink! Chink-chink-a-chink,



chink-chink-a-chink; The hammer goes — chink - chink!

The Orchestra

Florence C. Fox

With animation

Altos

Peter Christian Lutkin

Composed for this Series



Bum, bum, goes the drum, And a hi - did - dle-did-dle goes the



fid-dle; With a hi - did-dle-did-dle-did-dle-did-dle-dle dum Go the



fid-dle, fid-dle, fid-dle, and the big bass drum, Go the fiddle and the big bass



drum. Toot, toot, goes the flute, and a hi - did-dle-did-dle goes the



fid - dle; With a hi - did - dle - did - dle - did - dle



did - dle - did - dle-did - dle and a too - tle - too - tle - too - tle - too - tle -



too-tle-too-tle-too-tle, Go the fid-dle and the flute and the drum.

The Little Big Woman and the Big Little Girl

Mary Mapes Dodge

Reginald de Koven

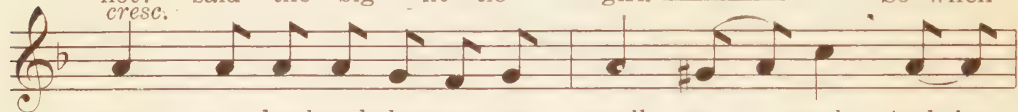
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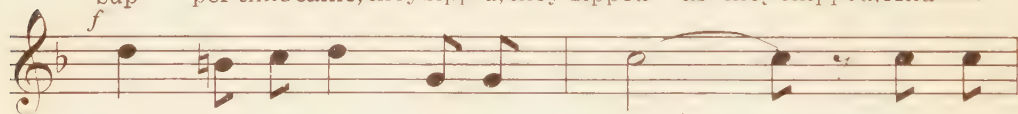
1. A — lit - tle big wom-an and a big lit - tle girl. They
2. "We must eat," said the lit - tle big — wom - an, "Why not?" "Why



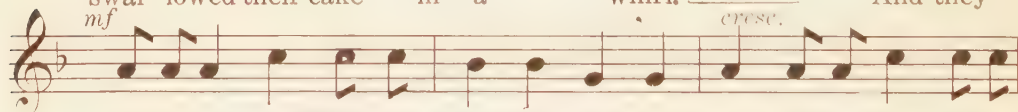
mer - ri - ly danced all the day. — The —
not?" said the big lit - tle girl. — So when



wom - an de-clared she was too small to — work. And the
sup - per time came, they sipp'd, they sipped as they skipped. And —



girl said, "I'm too big to play." — So they
swal - lowed their cake in a whirl. — And they



merrily danced While the sun-light stay'd. And practiced their steps in the
merrily danced While the twi-light stay'd. And practiced their steps in the



eve - ning shade, So they mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,
eve - ning shade, So they mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,



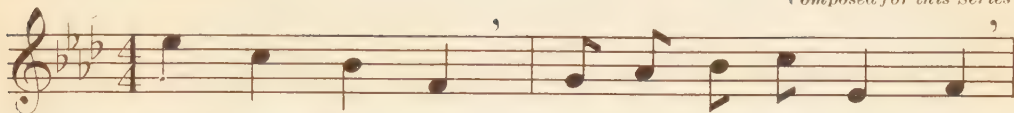
mer - ri - ly danced in the eve - ning shade. —
mer - ri - ly danced in the eve - ning shade. —

Sandman

Alice V. L. Carrick

W. Otto Miessner

Composed for this Series



1. Sand - man, Sand - man, Come from Drow - sy Land, Man!
2. Sand - man, Sand - man, Call your nod - ding band, Man!
3. Sand - man, Sand - man, Take them by the hand, Man!



Where the skies are red and gold, Where the pop - py buds un - fold,
All the lit - tle chil-dren are Wait-ing for you near and far;
Carry them wheredreams are free, Where they've wish'd all day to be,



And the bub-ble moon floats high, and fair - y tales are told.
Wait - ing just for you to come and light the Sleep - y Star,
As they sail and sail to-night a - round the Slum-ber Sea.



Sand-man, Sand-man, Sand - man!
Sand-man, Sand-man, Sand - man!
Sand-man, Sand-man,

Sand - man! _____

Children's Hymn

Mrs. M. L. Duncan

Horatio Parker



1. Father, ten-der shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit-tle lamb to-night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me; And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for-giv-en; Bless the friends I love so well;



Through the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light.
 Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me; Lis-ten to my evening pray'r.
 Take us all at last to heav-en; Hap-py there with Thee to dwell.

Portuguese Hymn (ADESTE FIDELES)

James Montgomery

John Reading(?)



1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;— I
2. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still



feed in green pas-tures, safe fol-ded I rest; He
 fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a-bove. I



lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow; Re-
 seek, by the path which my fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the



stores me when wan-d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed; Re -
land — of their so - journ, Thy King - dom of love; Thro' the



stores — me when wan-d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
land — of their so - journ, Thy King - dom of love.

Oh, Worship the King

Robert Grant

Franz Joseph Haydn



1. Oh, worship the King, all glorious a - bove; And grate-ful - ly
2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the



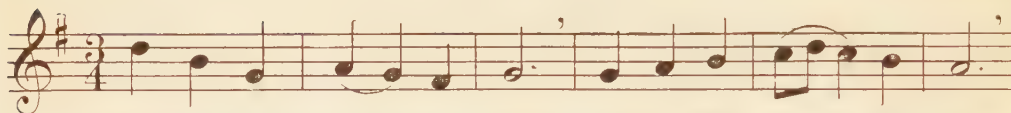
sing His won-der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, the
light, Whose can - o - py, space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -



Ancient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splendor, and gir - ded with praise.
thunder clouds form; And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.

Come, Thou Almighty King

F. de Giardini



1. Come, Thou Al - migh - ty King! Help us Thy name to sing;
2. Come, Thou All - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth a - dored!
3. Nev - er from us de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,



- Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless; Give Thy good
 Hence, ev - er - more. Thy sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in



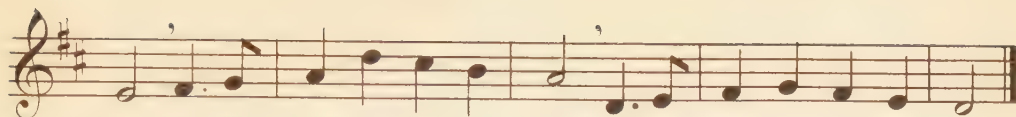
- to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.
 word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

All That's Good and Great

Godfrey Thring



1. All that's good and great and true, All that is and is to
2. Not a bird that does not sing Sweetest prais - es to Thy
3. Far and near o'er land and sea, Mountain top and wood - ed
4. May we all with songs of praise, Whilst on earth, Thy name a -



be, Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.
 name; Not an in-sect on the wing But Thy wonders doth pro-claim.
 dell, All in singing, sing of Thee, Songs of love in - ef - fa - ble.
 dore, Till with angel choirs we raise Songs of praise for - ev - er - more.

The Joy of Harvest

Henry Alford

George J. Elvey



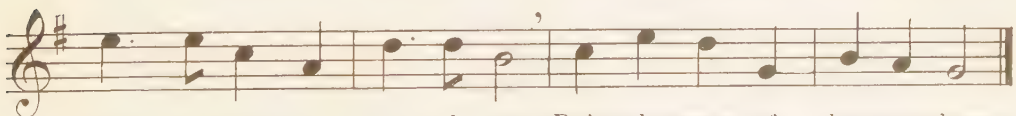
1. Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home:
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;



All is safe-ly gathered in Ere the win-ter storms be-gin.
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor-row grown.



God, our Mak - er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
 First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;



Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home.
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key

John Stafford Smith



1. Oh, — say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' themists of the deep, Where the
3. And where is that band, who so vaun-ting-ly swore That the
4. Oh, — thus be it e'er when free-men shall stand Be -



proud-ly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad
 foe's haugh-ty host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is
 hav - oc of war and the bat-tle's con - fu - sion A —
 tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with



stripes and bright stars, through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
 that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their
 vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land Praise the



ram-parts we watched, were so gal - lan - tly streaming? And the
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
 blood has washed out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion. No —
 Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then



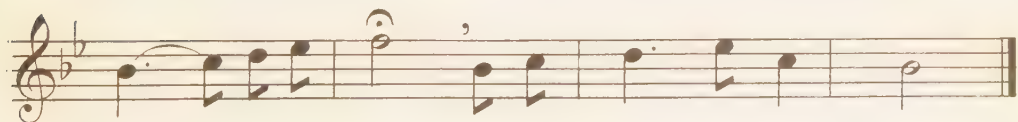
rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burs-ting in air, Gave
 catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
 ref-uge could save the— hire-ling and slave From the
 con-quer we must when our cause it is just; And



proof thro' the night— that our flag was still there. Oh,—
 glo-ry re-flec-ted now— shines on the stream. 'Tis the
 ter-ror of flight— or the gloom of the grave. And the
 this be our mot-to: "In— God is our trust!" And the



say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave O'er the
 star-span-gled ban-ner, oh, long may it wave O'er the
 star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the
 star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the



land— of the free and the home of the brave?
 land— of the free and the home of the brave!
 land— of the free and the home of the brave!
 land— of the free and the home of the brave!

America

Samuel F. Smith

Henry Carey



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing;	Land where my fa - thers died,
Thy name I love;	I love thy rocks and rills,
Sweet Free-dom's song;	Let mor - tal tongues a - wake,
To Thee we sing;	Long may our land be bright



Land of the	Pil - grims' pride,	From ev - 'ry—
Thy woods and	tem - pled hills;	My heart with
Let all that	breathe par - take,	Let rocks their
With Free-dom's	ho - ly light;	Pro - tect us



moun - tain side	Let free - dom	ring.
rap - ture thrills	Like that a	bove.
si - lence break,	The sound pro	long.
by Thy might,	Great God, our	King.

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